THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XV. NO. 28. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1896.—FIFTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

A Large Number of Hibernians in the City Attending the Democratic National Convention—Hon. Maurice F. Wilhere Among the Number.

Social Doings of the Different Divisions—Visit of State President Keating to LaSalle—The Coming National Convention at Detroit.

The city was honored by the presence of many distinguished Hibernians during the week. The hotels where the brothers were located were crowded with groups anxious to make the acquaintance of the visitors and exchange fraternal greeting. It is much to be regretted that no provision was made to meet them in some joint gathering of all the divisions of Cook county. Want of a convenient hall and the difficulty of reaching the visitors prevented the adoption of the suggestion made by some friend. It is but another instance how necessary are headquarters for the A. O. H., where all can direct their footsteps and find welcome from the brothers of our county.

Hon. Maurice F. Wilhere was, as usual, the centre of attraction to all who learned he was in our city. His good work in behalf of the Order has left so deep an impression on the grateful minds of our members, that all are anxious to personally greet one whose standing in the A. O. H. is without equal. The story of Mr. Wilhere's career in the A. O. H. is worthy of study by every youth in our Society. It is replete with lessons of the great work that can be accomplished by the energy, the patriotism, the unselfishness of a man determined to do his whole duty, regardless of the obstacles raised in his path by the envious, whose machinations were ever defeated by the God-given intelligence which recognizes the fact that he that works good for our people must be our friend, and honor is due to those whose merit is proved by their deeds. It is hoped that Brother Wilhere will be long spared to the councils of our organization, and with keen wit and unimpaired intellect assist us still further on the road of progress and prosperity.

Brother O'Mara, State President of Montana, was also among our visitors. Tall and stalwart, our young friend from Butte City is a splendid specimen of Western Hibernianism. A fluent conversationalist, and an earnest speaker, Brother O'Mara would be a welcome visitor to any division that could induce him to call. Brother O'Sullivan, also of Butte City, accompanies State President O'Mara on his journey to Detroit. He is a veteran Hibernian, whose good work in behalf of the Order has made itself felt throughout the Northwest.

Many others from Eastern and Western States have been with us, but owing to absence of some place to register arrival it is difficult to locate where they stayed during their visit.

Division 10 invited its neighbors to a "smoker" on Friday, July 3. It was a memorable evening. A crowded hall, a splendid programme and lavish hospitality gave a zest to the proceedings, which stole away the hours so quickly that midnight was at hand before a visitor left. It was a gathering worthy of the division; it was an entertainment worthy of President Cummings. A cheery welcome from the chair, followed by initiation of three candidates, was succeeded by quick business-like despatch of the affairs of the division, and the first number found Brother Reynolds, President of Div. 23, on the rostrum, telling in clear, well-spoken sentences his experience in the ranks of the A. O. H. With pleasing emphasis the speaker dwelt on the story of the Order in the fields of benevolence and education, and passed on to the great possibilities of co-operation among our race, concluding amidst well deserved applause. Brothers Connolly and Kennedy voiced their ideas on the requirements of the Order, and the need of paying more attention to public parades, urging they should be large and worthy of the Society, or should be dispensed with altogether. The splendid elocutionary abilities of Master Mockler were appreciated in an excellent dramatic rendition of "Mountain Justice" and "Sheridan's Ride." The young gentleman is gifted with rare ability, and promises, if his talent is nursed, to develop histrionic power of rare order. The patriotic songs of Brothers Irwin and Giltman roused the audience to enthusiasm, which reached the climax when Brother Moran sang in Gaelic one of Carolan's rare old airs. Sweet to the ear, and inspiring to the soul, the old tongue gave new enjoyment to the many good features of the evening. County Secretary Lamb urged work and discipline among the divisions, and counseled charity among the members. "Always say a good word of a man," says Brother Lamb; "do not condemn him because he does not agree with you." Brother Lamb touched the keynote of our motto and was much applauded. State President J. T. Keating presented, on behalf of Div. 10, a handsome gold A. O. H. badge to Brother Irwin, accompanying the same with suitable remarks, expressive of his estimate of Brother Irwin's work and worth among the Hibernians of Cook county. The evening passed into night, and the formal prepared programme was supplemented by an impromptu one. It will be long a pleasant memory, and the indefatigable worker, President Pat Cummings, deserves warmest congratulations on the success of the "smoker."

In response to an invitation from County President James Glynn, State President J. F. Keating went to LaSalle, on Sunday, July 5, and met the representatives of the divisions from that city, as well as Utica, Kangley, Streator, Spring Valley and Ottawa. Among those present were noted State Vice-President E. J. Kelly, Brothers Murnane, Jas. Powers, John Dewey, Ed. Condron, Jas. Giblin, George Burke, Dr. Curley, Thos. Kirby, J. J. McCloskey, J. Hassidy, Thos. Cassidy, Ed. Barton, J. F. French, James Dunn, Thos. Hayden, Thos. Kilfen, John Whelan, P. Canavan, Peter Wren, Peter Carroll, Michael Healy, P. J. Whelan and many others. After the regular business of Div. 1, including the initiation of three candidates, had finished, a programme for the entertainment of the visitors was submitted. The notable numbers among those rendered, were comic singing from Brother J. J. Walsh, who is the aspirant from Illinois to fill the shoes of J. W. Kelly, deceased, Brother Chas. McDonnell, who sang in splendid style some patriotic airs, and Brothers Will Dowling and Pete Donnelly, who were rewarded with much applause. The recitation of "Erin's Flag," by Bro. Canavan of Kangley, was a splendid effort in an elocutionary way. Addresses were delivered by the State President and the State Vice-President. The good news of the approaching organization of a new division was given by County President Glynn, who has earned universal praise for his earnest and patriotic endeavors to build up the A. O. H. in LaSalle county. Brother E. J. Kelly reports increase of membership in Ottawa, and return of the old-time spirit which animated the men of that city in the past. A better leader or counsellor could not be had than our esteemed State Vice-President.

A visit to Div. 17 was made by State President Keating on July 1, and he expressed much pleasure at seeing so many of his old comrades still in the front rank. Under the care of President Martin Mulcahy, Vice-President Henely and Treasurer P. J. O'Brien No. 17 is prospering and increasing. Financially one of the soundest and socially one of the most warm-hearted, No. 17 can entertain its visitors in royal style and add to their opinion of the strength of Hibernian fraternity.

Brother J. J. Sherlock, of Div. 2 has gone on a three months' visit to the old land. His friends of the Irish-American Lyceum and Sunburst club tendered him their best wishes for a happy journey and safe return at a gathering held in Columbia hall on the 3d inst. Brother Sherlock is one of our most promising young Hibernians, whose talents and kindly disposition have won him the esteem and affection of his associates. I wait with eagerness the interesting narrative of his visit.

The picnic committee have completed the arrangements for the great event and it only remains for the members to fill the cars. Posters are out all over the city and dodgers will be distributed at all the churches on Sunday. Better than all these admirable arrangements would be energy on the part of the members in selling the tickets. The best way to secure a friend's attendance is to have him purchase a ticket. There will be little fear of his forgetting the date when he is interested in the occasion through the pocket medium. While I have every confidence in the good will of our members, I have more confidence in the actual sale of transportation to achieve success and afterwards can at leisure enjoy and express appreciation of good will. Let every member purchase two tickets, and our picnic will be a success. It looks a small amount, but it is all that is necessary. Let us hope that we will find sufficient self-sacrifice among the members to do this for the purpose of completing the task we started out to accomplish nearly three years ago—the purchase of a burial lot and the erection of a monument thereon. The ground has been paid for, but the monument still awaits our attention. A successful picnic and the work can be completed this summer. So noble an incentive ought to bring forth our best efforts.

The Illinois, Missouri, and several other western delegations will leave for Detroit, over the Wabash Railroad, on Monday, the 13th inst. It is hoped that the good people who will comprise the delegations from the various States will bear in kindly remembrance that west of the Ohio line exists a considerable portion of the United States, and while at present the membership in the A. O. H. may not be equal to the enthusiasm of the brothers, or the size of their territory, nevertheless the future of the society claims a recognition of the great, glorious West. No State claims priority. No member deems himself better than another. All stand in patient waiting for the mantle to fall on what shoulders the convention thinks fittest to bear the burden of greatness.

The modest demeanor of the West invites the admiration of an observant nation, and in awed surprise it awaits judgment on a section which provides only two candidates for every office in the convention's gift. We wish success to all aspirants and suggest the equal division or partition of honors between all applicants, expressing at the same time our opinion that the men who compose the convention know their own mind and can be relied on to discharge their onerous duties with credit to themselves and honor to the great society of which they are its ablest representatives.

ED.

The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to William Raleigh, No. 736 S. Canal street, who is the only person in Chicago who receives books direct from the publishers in Dublin.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

BY VERE V. HUNT.

Hail mother, we greet thee! Thy exiled sons!
Though no more we see thy shores.
The blood of the brave that within us runs
To divine aspiration soars.

Do we sleep?—we scattered Irish Celts,
Have we crouched 'neath the tyrant's tread?
The furnace-fire that the weak heart melts,
Has it left ours cold and dead?

From Australian bush, from Canadian wood,
From Rocky Mountain's crest,
From wherever the Celtic footstep trod
Comes an answer grand a blest.

"No we are not dead! and we do not sleep!
And we never will forget,
We have sworn an oath for all time to keep,
That the sunburst ne'er shall set.

"That our suffering mother shall rise again
A queen among nations grand,
That her glorious past she will yet regain
And in peerless glory stand!

And again shall Tara's halls resound
With the harp's melodious lay,
And the throne of Meath shall again be found
But chastened by time's decay.

And Limerick's leaguered walls shall cry
From their moss-grown lvied stones,
"The sons I gave did not vainly die
Amidst sighs and tears and moans!"

And there with her arms extended
In praise of the Giver of Good,
Are the leaders, whose lives were ended
In the wealth of a patriot's blood.

The roster of Ireland's glory,
The men who in midnight gloom
Wrote their name in their country's story,
When they sealed with their blood their doom.

When they sought with bright and prophetic eye
To pierce to the days to come,
The days that were far though yet so nigh
When freedom's blest cause was won.

Ah, the day has come, and the martyr's crown
Shines bright on the patriot's head.
And refulgent glows the great heaven down
On the spot where they once lay dead.

Oh how the vision arises,
Like to God's bright city above!
How its throbbing heart surprises
With a plentitude of love.

The laurel supplants the cypress bough,
And the nations shout in praise,
Of the long-stayed justice accomplished now
To flourish for endless days.

And the world seems to shine seraphic
'Neath the kiss of freedom's light,
But my eyes cannot bear the radiance,
And the vision melts from sight.

CHICAGO, July 4, 1896.

Knights of St. Patrick Excursion.

The Knights of St. Patrick will hold their annual excursion on Wednesday, July 22, to Lake Geneva, Wis. The train will leave C. & N. W. R. R. depot, Wells and Kinzie streets, at 9 a. m. sharp. Returning, train will leave Lake Geneva at 8 p. m., arriving in Chicago at 10:15 p. m. Tickets, including all amusements, are only $2; children, between 6 and 12 years, half fare.

15 Days in Yellowstone Park.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company desires to call attention to a very completely arranged tour through the Wonderland of America, under the management of the well-known tourist manager, Mr. J. J. Grafton. The party will leave Chicago on Tuesday evening, July 21, by electric-lighted train, with dining-car, to be absent three weeks. The petrified forest and many other attractive features of the park will be included in the itinerary, that the traveler, going through the ordinary way, does not see. A party will also leave Chicago for Alaska via Yellowstone Park, the same date.

For full particulars, address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

BLACK MURDER.

Such Was the Result Intended by the Sentences of Penal Servitude Pronounced on the Fenian Prisoners by the Dastardly Traitor "Judge" Keogh.

How Bryan Dillon and John Lynch Were Done to Death—Villainous Means Taken to Produce Damnatory Evidence Against the Latter.

The day after Rossa's sentence the Special Commission, with its entourage of lawyers, informers and detectives, proceeded to Cork to vindicate in the fair Southern city the greatness and glory of the power, for the overthrow of which the Fenian organization had enrolled the manhood of the Irish race, and to offer up new sacrifices to the outraged majesty of the law. The utmost precautions were taken to ensure that the journey should not be interrupted by any untoward accident. If there were Fenian warders in Richmond prison, might there not be disloyal railway servants, who by the hoisting of a signal or the changing of a point would deprive the crown of a few excellent judges and estimable informers? The rails throughout the entire distance of the 163 miles between Cork and Dublin, were carefully inspected on the morning of the journey. Armed sentries were placed, each one in sight of another along the whole way, and at every bridge, viaduct and embankment, masses of policemen were stationed. A pilot engine precsded the train, which bore the precious freight, but the line had not been tampered with, and the judges arrived in safety.

Next day John McCafferty, who had been a captain in the Confederate army in America, was placed on his trial, and after a few days had been spent in empanneling a suitable jury, and in taking evidence, the presiding judge announced that a charge of treason-felony against the prisoner could not be sustained. The prisoner being a native of America, was not responsible to the British government for any acts committed by him in that country, but responsibility would arise if the government could prove any overt act subsequent to his landing in Ireland. As the crown could not do this the judges directed the jury to acquit the prisoner.

Two "Centres" of the organization in Cork were then brought to the bar. They were Bryan Dillon and John Lynch. The men differed widely in appearance. The former, described as a law clerk, was only four feet nine inches in height, and was afflicted with curvature of the spine. His face was disproportionately large, his eyes sunken and piercing, the cheek bones large and high, and the chin cut in sharp outline. Lynch, we are told, towered above his companion, and was a tall, pale, rather awkward-looking young man, with drooping shoulders. In answer to the usual interrogatory, both men pleaded not guilty, Dillon in a sharp shrill voice, approaching almost to a scream, Lynch in a low, firm tone. A local informer named Warner was the chief witness, and the evidence against both was sufficient to convince the jury of their guilt. Dillon, who was apparently on close terms with the leaders of the organization, had visits from Luby, Stephens and O'Leary, and was proved to have taken an active part in the conspiracy in the South. Beyond evidence of having attended at various drill meetings, there was little against Lynch, but in his case the Crown stooped to indescribable meanness to secure a conviction. Lynch was in love with a girl named Noonan, a stewardess on board one of the Milford steamers, and on his arrest a warrant to search her room was procured by the authorities. Many letters from her Fenian lover were found, and were used as a means to separate them forever. On one occasion she wrote to Lynch remonstrating with him against taking part in the movement, and telling him that sooner or later he would get into trouble, and her letter wound up with an allusion to a British iron-ram then lying at Milford. Lynch, a little annoyed, perhaps, by her constant advice as to the foolishness of his ways, replied that in her next letter he hoped she would send him the interesting news that the ram was blown to perdition with all hands. This letter was produced by the Crown as proof of Lynch's treasonable intentions, and, of course, had due influence on the minds of the jury.

When the verdict of guilty had been brought in, and the usual question asked, the prisoner, Bryan Dillon, who spoke very inaudibly, said that he was never even for a minute in Warner's company; that what Warner swore about him was totally untrue, and that he never was at a meeting at Geary's house. The existence of the Fenian organization had been proved sufficiently to their lordships. He was a centre in that organization, but it did not follow from that that he had to take the chair at any meeting, as it was a military organization. He did not want to conceal anything. Warner had no connection with him whatever. With respect to the observation of the attorney-general, which pained him very much, that it was intended to seize property, it did not follow because of his social station that he intended to appropriate the property of others. His belief in the ultimate independence of Ireland was as fixed as his religious belief.

Judge Keogh—We cannot hear that. We will give you any indulgence we can, but we cannot hear words spoken that are in fact a repetition of the charge.

Dillon said he had no more to say.

The prisoner Lynch—I will say a very few words, my lords. I know it would be only waste of public time if I entered into any explanation of my political opinions, opinions which are shared in by a vast majority of my fellow-country-men. Standing here as I do will be to them the surest proof of my sincerity and honesty. With reference to the statement of Warner, all I have to say is, and I say it honestly and solemnly, that I never attended a meeting at Geary's, that I never exercised with a rifle there, that I never learned the use of the rifle, nor did any of the other things he swore to. With respect to my opinions on British rule in this country——

Mr. Justice Keogh—We can't hear that.

The Prisoner—All I have to say is, that I was not at Geary's for four or five months before my arrest, so that Warner's statement is untrue. If having served my country honestly and sincerely be treason, I am not ashamed of it. I am now prepared to receive any punishment British law can inflict on me.

In sentencing the prisoners Judge Keogh said: Bryan Dillon and John Lynch, you have both, after a most careful investigation, been found guilty of this offense—namely, treason-felony—of being members of a conspiracy to overthrow the government of the queen and to substitute for it some other form of government. No other verdict could by any possibility have been arrived at. Putting for the moment out of consideration altogether the evidence of any—indeed of all—the witnesses, the documentary evidence in the case, under your own hands, leads to the one inevitable result. Both of you have, in fact, admitted at that bar the justice of the verdict. Both of you were proved in the case to have been centres or colonels in this movement, and one of you distinctly stated, in the hearing of the court, that he was a centre. It is idle to dwell on the consequences of such a project as that in which you were engaged—a project destructive to the interests of the whole population of the country, and I will venture to say, first of all to the humble farmers who had made any acquisition whatsoever, or, in other words, who had anything whatsoever to lose. The rental of this country, if it were divided among the people of the country, would not give to each enough to sustain him for three months. It is by the division of ranks, by the division of classes, by the employment of labor, by the investment of capital, that the great result is produced—the maintenance of a large population in the country. But if such a movement as this prevailed for a single day, the result would be that there would be no human being in this country who had by industry, by labor, by enterprise, by investment, acquired any property whatsoever, who would not see it immediately become the subject of confiscation. An insurgent army in the country—not to speak of a foreign foe landing in the country—immediately the cattle of the small farmer would be swept away, his wife and children at the mercy of an infuriated soldiery of an infuriated peasantry—and who would be there to guide, to prevent the disastrous consequences which in every age and in every country result from such an explosion? All these would have been the consequences of your insane act. It almost baffles the comprehension of a rational mind to find that in this age and in this country there have been persons supposed to be sane who believed in the practicability of such an attempt. The young woman whose letters have been read in the case in one sentence puts the whole question—did you think it possible that under the circumstances you would be able to cope with the power of Great Britain? We see a broad distinction between your position and that of the prime movers—the leaders of the conspiracy, although, undoubtedly, you were, in your respective spheres, actively employed in the movement, and one of you, Bryan Dillon, had been from a very early period the tried and confidential adherent of Stephens and Luby. You, John Lynch, were also an active member, drilling, practicing in the use of arms, and writing those dreadful letters which reveal a state of feeling as regards your fellow-creatures, which I must only hope to have been the passionate expression of an excited moment, rather than the deliberate narrative of what in a calmer hour you would wish to be understood as your sentiments. Under the circumstances, having given the most erreful consideration to your case, we think that we cannot arrive at any other conclusion but that you must be kept in penal servitude for ten years.

Dillon was released from prison at the same time as the other Fenian prisoners, and died shortly afterwards. The commissioners appointed to inquire into the treatment of the treason-felony prisoners dealt specially with his case. In their report, issued in September, 1870, they state that at that time Dillon's condition was such as to render him incapable of any manual labor, and that he was hardly able to walk without assistance. The report also states that notwithstanding his delicate and deformed frame he had been from time to time employed on work "of a nature hardly suitable," a mild way, surely, of describing the rigorous prison discipline and torture to which England subjected political prisoners less than thirty years ago.

John Lynch died in prison six months after his sentence. On his removal to Pentonville, he was deprived of his flannels, and the cold was so intense, and the clothing so scanty, that his failing constitution at once gave way. He was removed to Woking Prison hospital, where he died on June 2, 1866.

Lynch's fate is by no means an isolated example of the murderous treatment to whic the Fenian prisoners were subjected. Sentence of penal servitude was in too many instances interpreted as sentence of death. Here is a list of the men murdered by the prison treatment in two short years alone: James Cody, John Hogan, John Lynch, John McGeogh, William Meagher, William Kennedy, Richard Stowell, John Fottrell, William Harbison, William Kelly, John Smith and Edward Duffy. During the same period a few of the prisoners were driven insane. Perhaps we cannot better conclude this number of the series than by quoting an extract from a poem by "Una" (Mrs. Mary A. Forde), entitled

"DEAD IN HIS CELL."

Dead in his cell! alas, alas, how often
These heartless words are wafted o'er the sea,
To tell us that another life is ended,
That death has set another captive free.
We shrined within our hearts those who, for Erinn,
Walked fearless o'er the scaffold to the tomb,
But none beheld the agony and torture
Of those who perished in the dungeon's gloom.

No sunbeam ever pierced their walls of darkness,
No star on them looked down with pitying eye;
One dreary, rayless night of pain and horror,
Of death in life, their prison life went by.
No face they saw save that of him who brought them
Their scant but loathsome meal from day to day,
Who never spoke but to increase their anguish,
Whose well-paid task was not to soothe his prey.

O, band of victims to the hate and terror
Of Britain great in wickedness alone,
What messenger sent death, the strongest ruler,
To call your spirits to Jehovah's throne?
Sent he pale hunger, slowly, fiercely gnawing
Your hero hearts through sleepless night and day,
Or pestilential air, shut from the sunlight,
To give the gaping felon's grave its prey?

* * * * * * *

In many a guise, in shapes the most appalling,
The messenger of death was sent to you,
Whose only crime was love of land and freedom.
"Gold for the false and torture for the true"
Is Britain's maxim, and, oh! woe for Erinn,
That fiendish motto she has learned too well.
Her teachers are the scaffold and the dungeon.
The convict's grave, the raving maniac's cell.

By rigid rule to death or madness goaded,
In vain you gasped or shrieked with struggling breath,
No sound could penetrate the wall around you,
Your voice died amid the halls of death.
Shut from the world of life and light around you,
Your masters knew no ear could hear your sighs:
They seemed to think the eye of God, all-seeing,
Could never reach them from the distant skies.

—Irish Weekly Independent.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

BLAND IS LEADING

Has Perhaps Fifty Votes More Than the Iowa Man.

BUT NEITHER CAN CLAIM TO WIN.

Silver Men Fail to Agree on a Candidate and a Long Fight Is Indicated Over That Point—Chance for a Dark Horse May Develop—National Committee Puts Up Hill for Temporary Chairman.

CHICAGO, July 7.—On the eve of the Democratic national convention, which convenes in the Coliseum on the lake front at noon today, all was confusion. Only one thing loomed up like a search light in the fog that hung over the situation and obscured the vision of the wisest and most far-seeing of the leaders. That was that the convention will be for silver at 16 to 1. As for candidates, the conven-

CONSULTATION AT WHITNEY'S ROOMS.

tion is still groping in the dark. The din of the Bland and Boies boomers is deafening, and so infectious at times that it almost carries the public off its feet. Bland is unquestionably in the lead so far as actual votes are concerned, his strength approximating 350—a liberal estimate—with Boies moving along at his heels with about 200, but neither is able to demonstrate as yet how he can win.

Looking Around for a Dark Horse.

In this chaotic condition of affairs gossip and speculation cast about for dark horses. William J. Bryan, the "Boy Orator of the Platte;" Vice President Adlai Stevenson; John R. McLean, the Ohio journalist; the Bluegrass orator, Senator Joe Blackburn; Senator White, of California—all share the distinction of being canvassed. Even Senator Hill is talked of, and his famous Elmira speech of 1893 is recalled as an evidence that he is a bimetallist and would make a strong compromise candidate. The name of ex-Governor James E. Campbell, of Ohio, is also heard. The Pennoyer boom from Oregon was formally launched and ex-Congressman Joe Sibley, of Pennsylvania, announced his candidacy. At work in the background is the senatorial movement for Teller with the free silver Republicans and their allies, the Populist leaders, straining every nerve to impress on the convention the advisability of nominating the Coloradoan.

Silver Leaders Admit Weakness.

The silver leaders started out with the announced intention of getting together and arranging a programme to be put through by the sheer force of their majority. They were to abrogate the two-thirds rule and select their candidates in a caucus of silver men. Both these projects were put aside, and they are now at the door of the convention with the question of a candidate open. It will require every silver vote in the convention to nominate, and the friends of any one candidate can, if the gold men do not plump their votes to a silver man, who may be formidable but not the choice of the majority, prevent an early nomination. This would, of course, play into the hands of those who are manoeuvering to bring forward Teller at the opportune time; or, if the sentiment of the convention refused to yield to the leader of the St. Louis bolters, into the hands of the managers of a dark horse.

The Bland and Boies Booms.

Buck Hinrichsen's poll of the Illinois delegation showing a majority for Bland was confirmed yesterday when the delegation voted 47 to 1 to support the Missourian. Kansas and Texas also fell in line for Bland, and these acquisitions made "Silver Dick's" followers very confident. But Boies' boom also grew apace. Iowa's exgovernor's managers received assurances of support from the south, which buoyed up their hopes. But it is a long road to a two-thirds majority, and Bland has naturally become the target of the friends of all the other candidates. The Iowa candidate at present has the support of many of the eastern gold men who expect to bow to the will of the majority.

WHAT WILL FOLLOW A BOLT.

Will Be No Walkout, But a New Convention and Candidates.

Should there be a physical withdrawal from the convention, however, it is likely that the bolters will later place a ticket in the field. But it is understood that as the matter stands the course is not to walk out of the convention but to remain until the close. Then when the silver men have captured everything and adjourned a conference will be held and arrangements made for a convention some weeks later of anti-silver Democrats for the purpose of putting in nomination a man whom they can support. Of course if the silver men go to the limit of turning out the gold delegates in Michigan and capturing that state a bolt may be immediately precipitated.

The silver men will go into the convention with nothing decided as to the platform, and there promises to be a ruction and perhaps bad blood over the matter. The situation is exactly as it was explained in these dispatches yesterday as to silver and tariff. Governor Altgeld and Senator Tillman are fighting for a condemnation of the president by name. While others insist that if there shall be a denunciation of the administration's bond issues they would forego any mention of Cleveland. The friends of the administration are very anxious to forestall any reflection upon the president, and the cooler heads among the silver leaders are disposed to acquiesce. As a matter of fact it is becoming apparent that the shrewd generals on both sides do not desire to widen the breach between their followers.

They will make every effort to avoid the disruption of their party consistent with the firm maintenance of their opposing views on the single issue. The contest will be precipitated the moment the gavel falls today. The gold men had control of the national committee despite every effort of the silver men to wrest it from their grasp. They elected Senator Hill for temporary chairman notwithstanding the protests of the silver men. Hill himself was appealed to by his friends among the silver leaders not to accept. They explained to him how distasteful it would be for many of the senator's silver friends among the delegates who admired and respected him to be obliged to oppose his installation.

But Hill would not consent. The result is that the silver men will suggest Daniel and Hill may be humiliated by defeat. It is said that if elected Hill will greatly surprise those who elected him by making a speech which, while it would oppose free coinage would advocate submission to the will of the majority as one of the cardinal principles of the Democratic faith. But on this point the silver men have their teeth set. There was some talk of some sort of high-handed parliamentary procedure on Chairman Harrity's part by which Hill could be installed over the protest of the convention, but good parliamentarians declare that this is impossible.

The gold men were jubilant over the fact that they had defeated the silver men's plan for a caucus to settle a platform, candidate and length of the convention. Senator Cantor, who is delegate-at-large in place of United States Senator Murphy, said: "We have beaten them in three things; they can't get a caucus, they can't limit the convention to one day, and they couldn't defeat Hill in the national committee."

When the New York delegation met last night it was noticeable that a number of men with Boies badges were in the room. Just before the meeting five members of the Alabama delegation came to Governor Flower and said: "Governor, we have been forbidden by our unit rule to vote for Hill for chairman, but we will help him out by voting for Whitney so as to take strength away from the silver candidate."

Whitney came over to the New York meeting and was there for about fifteen minutes. When he came out he was told by the Associated Press representative that he was credited with not being averse to a bolt. He said: "You may deny that emphatically. I am not in favor of a bolt; I do not want a bolt and I shall urge that no such action be taken. We are Democrats. I have not heard of the alleged overtures of the Boies people to the gold men, but it is not impossible and there may be many breaks when the silver men find the arbitrary way in which the leaders will try to dispose of their booms."

HILL SELECTED TO PRESIDE.

National Committee Attends to the Preliminaries of the Convention.

The national committee has selected a temporary chairman and passed upon the contested cases which were brought before it. The committee decided to take up the contested cases first. There was very little interest in them, with the exception of the Michigan and Nebraska cases. These, it was expected, would determine the relative strength of the gold and silver men on the committee. The Nebraska case was settled in favor of the gold men by a vote of 26 to 22, which was about a test vote, as was shown later by the vote for the temporary chairman. The probabilities are that the convention will seat the silver delegation.

The action of the committee in seating the gold delegation from Michigan was a surprise to the silver men. But one vote was cast against placing the gold delegation on the temporary roll, and that was cast by Campau, who is one of the silver leaders of Michigan, a most pronounced silver man, and one who has been emphatic in his denunciation of the present administration. In view of the threats that have been made by the silver men that the four delegates-at-large from Michigan would be unseated in order to cast the vote of that state for silver and secure a two-thirds majority in the convention, it remains to be seen what action they will take now that the silver men on the national committee, with one exception, voted to seat the gold delegates.

The other contests were of minor importance and the decision in each case was in no sense a test. Of course the important feature of the meeting was the selection of a temporary chairman for the convention. As has been generally predicted Senator Hill received a majority of the votes of the committee, and today when Chairman Harrity calls the convention to order he will present Hill for temporary chairman. The vote in the committee—27 to 23—showed the silver men not satisfied, and the announcement was immediately made that a minority report would be presented and that Daniel, who was defeated in committee, would be the choice of the silver men for temporary chairman.

It means that there will be a fight in the convention today as soon as the chaplain finishes his prayer.

The national committee selected S. P. Sheerin, of Indiana, for temporary secretary, and authorized him to designate such assistant secretaries as he pleases, and he named Leopold Strauss, of Alabama, as the first assistant secretary, at the request of Committeeman Clayton, of that state.

A movement has been inaugurated in the interest of Hon. Arthur Sewall, of Maine, for the vice presidential nomination.

Waite Bolts the Populists.

DENVER, July 6.—Ex-Governor Waite made a dramatic exit from the state Populist convention accompanied by eight-three delegates. The ex-governor represented the minority faction from Arapahoe county, which was not allowed a place in the convention, and he took occasion to denounce the gathering as illegal, stating that he would carry an appeal to the national convention at St. Louis on July 22.

Joe Patchen Wins from Gentry.

CHICAGO, July 3.—Joe Patchen won the first heat in the match with John R. Gentry, in 2:05¼, Gentry breaking near the finish. Patchen took the second and last heat in 2:06¾.

THE DEATH RECORD.

FRANKLIN HENDEE, veteran of the late war, at Beloit, Wis.

General C. R. LAWTON of Savannah, Ga., at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Lieutenant Colonel THOMAS E. MALEY, United States army, retired, at Chicago.

Mrs. J. W. CARLISLE, a relative of Secretary Carlisle, at Columbia, Mo.

CORNELIUS BECK, wealthy prominent citizen of Jeffersonville, Ind.

Dr. R. T. WILEY, well-known physician, at Gibson, Ills.

Dr. ISAAC N. HALL, professor in the Metrolitan Museum of Art, at New York.

C. L. LUND, prominent Democratic politician, at Algoma, Ia.

IN A STATE OF WAR.

THE MILITIA ORDERRD OUT AT CLEVELAND, O.

Non-Union Men Again Have To Be Guarded—Student Is Set Upon and Knocked Down—Drawing His Pistol He Misses His Assailants and Kills Another Man.

CLEVELAND, July 8.—The strike at the Brown Hoisting Company's works has reached a point where the authorities as well as the strikers are in no mood for trifling. When the non-union men left the works at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon there was more rioting. Two hundred and fifty policemen emerged from the gates, guarding fifty-three workmen. An immense crowd had gathered a block away, but the police took a new route and eluded them for the moment. The strikers set up a yell and ran, soon overtaking the marching column, hooting and yelling. A huge moving van was in the rear, filled with strikers, and with it a small wagon laden with empty beer bottles. The police suspected that the bottles were intended as missiles and compelled the driver of the wagon to turn back.

Police Charge on the Mob.

At Willson avenue and Euclid a railroad train blocked the way and an effort was made to drive the van through the guard of police. The officers dragged to the ground the driver, Fred W. Hearn, a moving contractor, and the man on the seat beside him, W. J. O'Neil, a paving contractor. These men resisted and the police used their clubs on them with such effect that their heads were soon a swollen mass of cuts. O'Neil's ankle was broken. The strikers in the van jumped out and the police charged the crowd, using their clubs on all the heads within reach. Frank Coopenhecker, a machinist returning from work and not a striker, was caught in the crowd and severely clubbed on the head. Hearn was arrested and locked up.

Rioters Attack a Student.

The strikers dispersed before the onslaught of the police and the non-union men were sent home. Meanwhile a tragedy had taken place at the Brown works. Albert G. Saunders, a young student at Case School of Applied Science, whose father lives at 831 Prospect street, has been working for the Brown company during vacation for the practical knowledge it would give him. He did not leave with the non-union men under police guard, but mounted his bicycle and sought to reach home alone. As he turned up Hamilton street a knot of strikers saw him and shouted to him to stop. He did not obey and they began to throw stones and bricks at him. A brick struck him on the head and knocked him off his wheel, and he claims that after he was down they continued to stone him.

Bullet Hits a Non-Combatant.

Rising to his knees he drew his revolver and fired. The ball missed his assailants, sped across a vacant lot, and buried itself in the breast of William Rettger, one of the strikers who was walking through an alley with several companions. Rettger was sent to a hospital where he died in a few minutes. He was a single man 25 years old, boarding on Headley street and was a brother of Pitcher Rettger, of the Milwaukee base ball club. Patrolman Gibbons heard the shot fired, and rushing up seized young Saunders and hurried him into the office of the Bishop-Babcock Company. In a wonderfully short space of time a furious crowd which packed the streets as far as the eye could reach surged against the front of the office, demanding that Saunders be given up to it.

JUDGE LYNCH, THE INEVITABLE.

Mob Wants a Hanging Bee, But the Militia Vetoes the Idea.

Some one brought a rope and the cry to lynch him was raised. A few began to pry at the windows of the office when Patrolman Gibbons, who was once a union workman, addressed the mob and partly quieted it. Two patrol wagon loads of police arrived and a guard was posted in front of the building. Long before this Mayor McKisson, Police Director Abbott, Lieutenant Colonel Whitney (of the Fifth regiment), and others were gathered for consultation in the city hall. Word of the critical condition of affairs was telephoned to them from the Bishop-Babcock office and a request made for militia.

The mayor responded by ordering the Cleveland City Guards and company F to the scene of the riot. The guards arrived first, just as the mob was preparing for another effort to capture Saunders. As the soldiers came down the street the mob shrieked and howled and the guards were compelled to open a way for themselves with leveled bayonets. Several men and boys were wounded slightly by the soldiers. The guards formed in front of the office, and just then company F was seen alighting from street cars a block away. Amid a frenzy of excitement on the part of the dense crowd a patrol wagon was backed to the door of the office and Saunders was jerked into it and made to lie on the bottom.

The guards formed around it with bayonets at charge and forced their way down Hamilton street, part of the howling mob surging along with them. To heighten the excitement Detective Sprosty, as a warning, stood up in the patrol wagon and shot his revolver into the air. The wagon and the soldiers proceeded rapidly until the crowd in front had thinned, when the guard opened ranks and the wagon sped on to the central police station at a run. Saunders, whose head is badly cut up and his body a mass of bruises, is a prisoner, charged with the killing of Rettger.

Company F, in command of Major Liebich, marched to the center of the crowd that remained behind. The soldiers were menaced and jeered. Major Liebich halted his men, drew his revolver and declared that upon the slightest attempt at violence he would give the command to fire. After that the noise ceased and the crowd scattered, the company returning to quarters. The mayor has caused a proclamation declaring the riot act to be in force to be posted in the neighborhood of the Brown works this morning.

Fourth of July at Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 6.—The Fourth of July celebrations in Chicago resulted in two deaths, injuries to many persons and caused a number of fires, though not as large a number as usual. Neither was the casualty list comparatively large. There were two fatalities, Mickels Peterson, killed by a projectile from a toy cannon and —— Skebbie, also a victim of this "toy." There were about three dozen other casualties, some of which will prove fatal.

LEW WALLACE WAS HISSED.

He Gives a "Going Over" to Cleveland and to Ex-Confederate Doings.

LAFAYETTE, July 6.—General Lew Wallace struck a discordant note at the Grand Army rally Saturday by attacking in the course of his speech the pension policy of the administration, and referring to the election of President Cleveland as the worst blunder in American history. The speaker declared that by that election the north lost all that it won during the war, and made a vigorous attack upon Secretary Hoke Smith. In concluding he declared that the erection of monuments to Confederates, especially to Jefferson Davis, should not be tolerated. The speaker was hissed by a portion of his audience. Governor Matthews sat within a few feet of the speaker when Wallace made his onslaught on the Democratic party.

The Indiana State soldiers' home was formally dedicated Saturday and presented to the state. The exercises opened at the grounds in the morning at 10 o'clock. People were in attendance from every section of the state. Colonel R. P. Dehart, of this city, made the address of welcome. General James R. Carnahan, president of board of trustees, presented the home to the state. Governor Matthews accepted the gift. He paid the soldier a fine tribute, and said that no more grateful or pleasant duty was performed by him as governor than when he took his pen to sign the bill that created the home. Other speakers were Wallace, Commander-in-Chief Walker and and Department Commander Taylor.

PEORIA BUILDING COLLAPSES.

One of the Two Men Caught Has a Miraculous Escape from Death.

PEORIA, Ills., July 4.—Last night a building belonging to the Mansfield estate and occupied by J. V. Engstrom, poultry dealer, collapsed, wrecking the Casper Brodman saloon building next door. Two men are known to be buried in the ruins, and several seriously injured.

George Adams was removed from the ruined building. He was entombed four hours, and every one gave him up as dead. The walls formed an arch over his body, and severe bruises about the arms, head and limbs were the only injuries sustained. The body of William Slough is still in the ruins. Casper Brodman had his arm hurt by flying bricks and Michael Driscoll had his hip crushed.

Harriett Beecher Stowe Dead.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 2.—At noon yesterday Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the famous authoress, passed away at her residence in this city. At her bedside were three members of the family—Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker and her husband, Dr. Hooker, and Harriet Stowe, a daughter of the authoress. Throughout the forenoon the friends of Mrs. Stowe were gathered in the room waiting for the end. Death came without a struggle, and the end merely appeared to be a final continuance of the unconscious state into which Mrs. Stowe lapsed on Monday. The arrangements for the funeral have been but partially completed. The services in Hartford will be private, and interment will take place in Andover, Mass.

Explosion of Natural Gas.

PITTSBURG, July 6.—By the explosion of natural gas at the Evergreen hotel, seven miles north of Allegheny, Sunday evening, six persons were more or less injured, three, it is feared, fatally. Those seriously hurt were: August Stilzer, aged 38 years; Ada Stilzer, 16 years; John Brooks, 30 years; Mrs. Frank Marshall, 30 years. The hotel was badly damaged by the explosion which was caused by a leaking pipe.

Our New Style of Girl.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., July 4.—Spencer Talbot was fatally stabbed by Rose Wilson because he placed a firecracker under her chair as she sat at home reading a book. The girl is in jail.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, July 8.

Money on call easy, at 2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange easier, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487¼@488 for demand and 486¾@487 for sixty days; posted rates, 487½@488 and 489½@493; commercial bills, 486@486¾.

Silver certificates, 69¾@69; no sales; bar silver, 69¾; Mexican dollars, 55¾.

United States government bonds lower; new 4's registered, 116¼; do. coupons, 116¾; 5's registered, 112¾ do. coupons, 112¾; 4's registered, 108; do. coupons, 108; 2's registered, 95; Pacific 6's of '97, 103¾ bid.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, July 6.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—July, opened 58¾c, closed 58¾c; September, opened 59c, closed 58¾c; December, opened 59c, closed 57¾c. Corn—July, opened, 29¼c closed 29¼c; September, opened 27c, closed 27c; May, opened 29¼c, closed 29½c. Oats—July, opened 15c, closed 15c; September, opened 15½c, closed 15½c; May, opened 17½c, closed 17½c. Pork—July, opened $8.65, closed $8.67½; September, opened $8.87½, closed $8.87½; January, opened $7.60, closed $7.62½. Lard — July, nominal, closed $3.75; September, opened $3.90, closed $3.82½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14½c per lb.; extra dairy, 12c; fresh packing stock, 7½@8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 9½@10c per dozen. Live poultry—Turkeys, 7@8c per lb.; chickens (hens), 8c; spring chickens, 11@12c; roosters, 5c; ducks, 8c; geese, $4.00 per dozen. New potatoes, 85c@$1.20 per barrel. Honey—White clover, 13@14c per lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Black raspberries, 80@85c per 16-quart case; red raspberries, 75@80c per 24-pint case. Blackberries, $1.00@1.10 per 16-quart case.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, July 6.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 25,000; sales ranged at $3.60@3.87½ p'ks, $3.80@3.85 light, $3.85@3.90 rough packing, $3.15@3.85 mixed and $3.05@3.45 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 16,000; quotations ranged at $4.30@4.65 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.00@4.35 good to choice do., $3.75@4.20 fair to good, $3.35@3.85 common to medium do., $3.60@3.90 butchers' steers, $2.50@3.40 stockers, $2.25@2.70 feeders, $1.30@3.50 cows, $2.60@4.10 heifers, $2.00@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.70@3.90 Texas steers, and $3.75@5.00 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; sales ranged at $3.75@4.00 westerns, $3.25@3.50 Texans, $3.00@4.05 natives and $3.50@4.30 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, July 6.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 64½c; No. 1 northern, 65½c; September, 62½c. Corn—No. 3, 30½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 17½c; No. 3 do., 16½@17½c. Barley—No. 2, 30c; samples, 25½@28c. Rye—No. 1, 31½c.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, July 6.

Wheat—Cash white, 59c; cash red, 57½c; July, 57½c; August, 57½c; September, 58½c

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

HILLSBORO, Ills., July 6.—Mrs. Robert Young, residing with her husband and family at Donnellson, ten miles south of this city, looked herself and her 10-year-old daughter in a bedroom and after saturating the bed with kerosene ignited it, burning herself and daughter to death. The house was entirely consumed.

The husband, who occupied another apartment, succeeded in getting their other five children out of the building alive. Mrs. Young had been exceedingly jealous of her husband for several months, and it is thought that this caused temporary insanity.

Believed to Have Been Murdered.

TOLONO, Ills., July 7.—Emry, Mills, 29, unmarried, was found on the railroad track a short distance west of the Sadorus depot at 4:45 o'clock in the morning. There was a terrible gash in his right temple and he was unconscious. He was carried to the home of his parents, where he died in about fifteen minutes. It is the opinion of the police that he was murdered and laid on the railroad for the purpose of leaving the impression that he was killed by an engine. He was a brother of the village president and acted as special policeman at the celebration of the Fourth. Some men, with whom he had trouble in his official capacity, said they would kill him, and it is altogether probable that they carried out their threat.

Another Busy Day for McKinley.

CANTON, O., July 2.—Major McKinley was kept busy yesterday receiving visitors. First came Hobart, the candidate for the vice presidency, and a delegation arrived while he was here. He was introduced and made a brief speech. After he had left 100 glassworkers from Massillon arrived. Then came 3,000 Christian Endeavorers, and later a delegation from St. Louis headed by R. C. Kerens. To all these the major made brief addresses.

Suicide of a Stock Dealer.

LARARPE, Ill., July 8.—Walter Thompson, a stock dealer, shot and instantly killed himself at his home in Burnside, a small town twelve miles west of here, at 9 o'clock yesterday morning. It is reported that he was mixed up in some trouble resulting from a sale of some stolen cattle, and the thing preyed on his mind until he took his life.

Rowing Races at Quincy.

QUINCY, Ills., July 6.—The annual regatta of the Southwestern Rowing association ended yesterday afternoon with Quincy carrying off the honors in every race contested. The pretested Junior four-cared race was rowed over and won by the South Side club, of Quincy. The Senior four-cared race was also won by the South Side club.

Killed at a Ball Game.

BUSHNELL, Ills., July 2.—Harry Snider, of Goodhope, attended a ball game in this city Tuesday and was hit in the head by a wild pitched ball and killed. He was 30 years of age and leaves a wife and two children. Mrs. Snider is at the point of death.

Peoria Nearly 70,000 Strong.

PEORIA, Ills., July 7.—The Peoria city directory for 1896 contains 29,754 names, an increase of 2,143 over last year. The population, it is estimated, is now 66,946.

State Notes.

Tom Conner, a young man of Metropolis, Ills., was bitten by a dog three months ago and died Wednesday of hydrophobia.

Henry Linden, a plasterer of Chicago, was run down and instantly killed by a freight train at New Baden, Ills.

An eight-foot vein of coal was struck at Paisley, Ills., at a depth of 540 feet.

Four men were in a skeleton cage in the shaft of the Litchfield (Ills.) Mining and Power company and the rope slipped through the clamp, giving them a fall of 150 feet. One of the men, Morgan Jones, struck his head on a two-inch timber and was killed. Charles Velt had one leg fractured.

A. D. Parkison, living two miles south of Louisville, Ills., was in the field plowing when the lightning struck both of his horses, killing them instantly and rendering him unconscious.

Charles Rist, aged 23, deaf and dumb, while bathing in the Sangamon river at Chanlerville, Ills., was drowned.

Thomas McGinley was instantly killed and his body ground into small bits by a train at Cobden, Ills.

BILL DOOLIN BREAKS JAIL.

The Notorious Outlaw and Thirteen Others Make Their Escape.

GUTHRIE, O. T., July 6.—Fourteen prisoners overpowered the guards in the United States jail late Sunday night and broke jail. Bill Doolin and Dynamite Dick, the last survivors of the Dalton gang, who were charged with the murders committed in the Ingalls fight, at which four deputy marshals were killed, were the principal actors. Fourteen out of fifty-nine prisoners escaped. They were all desperate characters. They are: Bill Doolin, Dynamite Dick, Charles Montgomery, Jim Black, Walt McClain, Bill Critendon, Ed Lawrence, George Lane, Phillips, Henry Irvin, Bill Jones, O. O. Nix, Lee Killiom and William Beck.

They got the guards' revolvers and a Winchester by a rush out of the cages when the gate was opened. They knocked one of the guards down and then placed the other two guards into the steel cages, compelling them to go in at the points of their revolvers. Having the guards safe, the ringleaders called for every one of the prisoners to escape if they wanted to. Only fourteen followed. William Beck, one of the escaped prisoners, returned and said that Doolin was so weak that he sat by the side of the road, out of the city, wondering how he would escape. Later the outlaws made a man named Schofield and his girl get out of a buggy and give it to them. A posse of deputy marshals, headed by Bill Tilgham, who captured Doolin, is in pursuit of the escaped prisoners.

Another Republican Defection.

TOPEKA, July 6.—The Republican Silver League has been organized here and A. B. Hulit, who was made president of the movement, claims that 200 Republicans have signified their intention of joining the club. No one is to be admitted to membership who is not, or has not formerly been, a Republican.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, July 1.

Edward Dickerson, a brother of Turfman John Dickerson, was sentenced to four years' imprisonment from Shelbyville, Ind., for forgery.

At the Columbus (O.) penitentiary a shortage of $3,000 has been discovered in the funds of the clerk. Ex-clerks have been called in to explain.

The dead body of Dr. H. H. Stevens was found in the woods opposite Caseyville, Ky. There were two gun-shot wounds in the back of the head.

W. T. Foster, a weather prophet of St. Joseph, Mo., has challenged the weather bureau to a forecasting contest. Foster is willing to make his forecasts thirty-five days in advance. He asks the weather bureau to make forecasts for the same periods only seven days in advance.

Dennis Magruder, of Howard county, Ark., stole away his sweetheart, Levia Sunderland, in the face of her father's repeated fires from a shot gun. The couple eloped and were married.

Thursday, July 2.

Fred Kane, who got $2,100 on a bogus check in Missouri five years ago, has been arrested at Los Angeles, Cal.

The law substituting electricity for the gallows in Ohio executions has gone into effect.

Two Turkish battalions at Yeddah who have received no pay since 1894 refuse to leave for Crete, and have barricaded themselves in the mosque.

The quinquennial convocation of the University of Chicago is in session, the central figure present being John D. Rockefeller, without whom there wouldn't be any Chicago university.

Daniel Defoe, the young sailor who claimed to be a lineal descendant of Daniel Defoe, the novelist, is dead at San Francisco.

Major E. W. Halford, who was President Harrison's private secretary and is now paymaster in the United States army, stationed at Denver, has sustained a compound fracture of his right leg by falling from a bicycle.

Friday, July 3.

The latest South American revolution is one in Bolivia.

Walter T. Haley, of Chicago, has been given leave to again sue the Pittsburg, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis railway for damages. His child was injured and he settled the case out of court for $100.

A flow of gas estimated at 1,000,000 feet a day has been struck in Overton county, Tenn.

William Carey and a team of horses were entombed and killed in a gravel pit near Dayton, O. Six other workmen were injured.

A burglar was shot by Jacob Goldberg, of Chicago. A companion seized the wounded man and aided him in his escape.

A mysterious balloon which passed over Winnipeg, Man., caused people to wonder if it was not Andree's airship on its way to the north pole.

Saturday, July 4.

Frank Dedtetano, 63 years old, living at Chicago, fell dead from the heat while pushing a fruit cart.

George W. Turner has been appointed receiver of the New York Recorder in furtherance of a plan to reorganize the company.

The Mallory steamship line sheds at Galveston, Tex., with their contents and twenty-six freight cars, burned. Loss, $150,000.

The customs revenue of Newfoundland for the quarter ended June 30 was $402,000, against $282,000 for the same quarter last year.

J. S. Bache & Co. are offering in the New York Stock exchange $10,000 to $4,000 that McKinley will be the next president.

James Jones, a well-to-do farmer of Ball township, near Springfield, Ills., was killed by lightning during a severe electrical storm. He was feeding his stock when struck.

The Federated Trades Council of Milwaukee has gone into direct opposition to Gompers and refused consideration of his circular advising all trades councils to hold aloof from politics.

Monday, July 6.

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, who has been seriously ill for some time past, has experienced an alarming relapse.

The porte has come to an understanding with the European cabinets with a view to pacifying Crete and putting an end to the systematic fomentation of disturbances.

F. E. Storm, clerk of the United States railroad commissioner, of Washington, died suddenly at a private hotel at San Francisco of apoplexy.

Kurds, Persians and foreign Armenians are pillaging in the neighborhood of Van, in Armenia. The Turkish troops are driving them toward the Russian frontier.

The University of Wisconsin won the two mile race with the Minnesota Boat club on Lake Minnetonka by one-quarter of a length; time, 10:42.

Nat and Tom Butler have made a new world's tandem record for a mile competition, their time being 1:59 1-5.

At the Persian embassy in London a denial has been issued of the report that an attempt has been recently made to assassinate the new shah.

The marriage of Anna May Helphley and Edward Farr on the fireworks stand on the public square was the principal attraction of the celebration of the Fourth at Newark, O.

Alonzo J. Walling, convicted of the murder of Pearl Bryan, has been sentenced to be hanged Aug. 7.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure blood your stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous; no dyspepsia. Rheumatism and neuralgia will be unknown. Scrofula and salt rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, your sleep sound, sweet and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many complaints. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Small size, 2s. 9d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by all chemists, or by post of C. I. Hood & Co., 24, Snow Hill, London, E. C.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 1s. 1½d.

STORIES OF STETSON.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING MEN EVER IN THE SHOW BUSINESS.

An Ignorance Whose Depth and Breadth Made It Highly Entertaining—Stetson Was a Source of Fun Outside of Theatrical Circles as Well as Within Them.

There is a man born now and then with a sort of humorous silver spoon in his mouth. Uninterrupted good fortune as a humorist smiles on him through life, and that, too, with no seeming effort of his own. He somehow acquires an early reputation for saying or doing funny things, which, once gained, nothing can take away. All the jokes in his line of his generation, and often some of earlier and later generations, are credited to him, and nobody cares to dispute the honor. Collectors of jokes are ready to accept Joe Miller as Joe Miller, but no literary scholar believes that he originated all the jests in his alleged book. Anybody can think for himself of two or three similar examples in the present half century, and, even so, it is not likely that John Stetson ever really said all or half the amusing things that were attributed to him. They were good stories, some of them, and they were told of Stetson, just as the story of fiddling while Rome burned was told of Nero, not because they were true, but to show what kind of man Stetson was.

The stories which it was thought proper to fix upon John Stetson were those which exhibited any broad, comprehensive and picturesque ignorance. He was an ignorant man no doubt—ignorant enough, perhaps, to say all the things that it was ever said that he said, but the chances are that he did not say them all. But the stories are none the worse for that. Years ago Sophocles' "Œdipus Tyrannus" was played by the students of Harvard college and excited great comment throughout the country. It was discussed one evening at a dinner at which Stetson was present, and he cheered the company by announcing that he had contracted with Sophocles for the writing of a new play to be produced by him the following season.

This story belongs in the same class as a somewhat more elaborate one. Stetson once took possession of a new theater and discovered in the lobby a picture that did not meet his artistic taste. "Take that picture down," he said.

"But, Mr. Stetson," somebody remonstrated, "that picture was painted by Michael Angelo."

"Michael who?" said Stetson.

"Michael Angelo."

"Well, take it down," said Stetson, "and discharge Angelo. I won't have any of these foreign scene painters around my theater; I'm going to employ Americans."

This so amused those who heard it that they at once told the incident to friends of Stetson and themselves, and among them was Jack Haverly, the famous negro minstrel manager. Haverly did not laugh when he heard it, but simply looked puzzled. He thought for a few moments, and then a faint smile came into his face, and he said, "Oh, yes, I see; there ain't no such person as Michael Angelo!"

This answer was thought good enough to take back to Stetson, who, it was assumed, must have taken pains in the meantime to inform himself of the history of art sufficiently to understand it. "What do you think, Stetson?" said his friend. "We have told Jack Haverly what you said about Michael Angelo, and he said, 'Oh, I see; there ain't no such person as Michael Angelo!' "

Stetson looked blank in his turn for a moment and then received his own little illumination as to the humor of the thing. "Why, the ignorant old fool," he said; "of course he ought to have said, 'There isn't any such person as Michael Angelo.' "

This story again recalls another with a similar touch in it. The conversation once turned on a clever passage in W. J. Florence's old play, "The Mighty Dollar," in which Bardwell Sloat exposes his ignorance by referring to a hackman whom he had encountered in Venice. "Yes," said Stetson, "that is clever; of course they don't have hacks in Venice; it's such a slow place they don't have anything but omnibuses and mule carts." This fable found its way into print again only a few weeks before Mr. Stetson's death.

"What do you think of So-and-so?" Stetson asked of a friend, naming one of the actors of his company. He meant to ask what his friend thought of the way the actor was playing the part in which he was then engaged, but the friend supposed that he meant to ask what manner of man he thought him. So he answered, "He's well enough, only he seems to me to be a little too pedantic."

This struck Stetson as a good word, and he stored it up in his memory for future use. A few days later, when he met the actor, he said, "I was in front watching you last night and thought you didn't play that part quite as pedantic as you usually do."

Sometimes Mr. Stetson's expressions amounted to epigrams. It will be remembered that when Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers" was first done in this country at the New Park theater, now the Herald Square, it was a dreadful failure. It was clearly and obviously so to anybody who saw any considerable part of it, even if he were ordinarily a bad judge of such things, and Stetson was not a bad judge. He had secured the rights to the opera for New England, and he had paid a good deal of money for them. He went to the New Park on the first night to see and hear what his property looked and sounded like. After the first act he strode out into the lobby and somebody heard him mutter: " 'Gondoliers?' 'Gondoliers?' H'm! Gone dollars!"—New York Tribune.

WITH A BARREL OF OYSTERS.

How a Great Russian Banker Bought His Freedom From Serfdom.

One of the best known banking houses of St. Petersburg and the one to which most American visitors to Russia carry letters of credit is that of Messrs. Shalounine & Sons, the founder of which, father of the present head of the firm, owed his liberation from serfdom, 15 years before the decree of emancipation, to a barrel of oysters. Old Shalounine was a serf belonging to Count Sheremetieff, one of the wealthiest nobles in Russia. He had frequently entreated the count to grant him his freedom, offering him as much as $500,000 for the boon. But money was no object to the count, and it gratified his pride to feel that one of the leading bankers of the empire was one of his serfs, unable to marry either his sons or his daughters without his master's consent. Moreover, as serf, the banker was liable to have his money seized and confiscated any moment by the count, since everything that belonged to a serf, including his wife, children and property, belonged ipso facto to his master.

One day Shalounine, who had just that very morning returned to the capital from Odessa, called at the Sheremetieff palace for the purpose of reporting his arrival, as in duty bound to his owner. He had brought with him a barrel of delicious Crimean oysters for presentation to the count, but left them in his carriage at the palace door until he should have obtained his master's intimation that his gift was acceptable.

On entering the presence of the count the banker found him surrounded by a party of guests and engaged in berating his chief butler for neglecting to provide oysters for the breakfast to which they were about to sit down. The butler was explaining to the count that there were no oysters to be got in the capital at that moment for love or money. Catching sight of the serf banker the count exclaimed:

"Oh, it is thou again. Thou art come to pester me once more for thy liberation! Thou knowest that it is useless. I should not know what to do with thy money. But stay, I will tell thee something. Get me some oysters for my breakfast and thou shall have thy freedom!"

Shalounine bowed low, left the room, fetched the small barrel of oysters which he had left in his carriage at the door, and laid it at the feet of his master.

As soon as the barrel had been opened the count called for a pen and paper, wrote out a declaration emancipating both the banker and his family from serfdom, and then, bowing courteously to the man who but a moment before had been his slave, exclaimed, "And, now, my dear Mr. Shalounine—will you give us the pleasure of your company at breakfast?"—New York Tribune.

ECONOMY OF SPACE.

A Great Power Generating Station Which Covers but Little Ground.

Probably no other kinds of power plants afford better illustrations of the tendency to concentration than some of the modern splendidly equipped electric stations in large cities, where ground area has closely approached the maximum in value, and in which, therefore, economic considerations have dictated the putting of as much generating apparatus into as little space as human ingenuity would permit, with due regard to satisfactory performance. In some of these stations vertical engines and boilers in large units have been installed to the entire exclusion of horizontal designs, and in others, again, the saving in ground space thus secured has been still further augmented by setting engines and boilers in tiers, one above the other, giving a ratio of horsepower per square foot of ground area which a decade ago would have been thought quite beyond the limits of possibility.

In probably no station in the world has this concentration been carried out to greater degree, or to as great a one even, as in that of the Edison Electric Illuminating company in Duane street, in the city of New York. The ground covered by this measures 200 by 74 feet, and within this area provision has been made for nine 2,500 hosrepower engines, two of 1,250 hrosepower each and three of 600 horsepower, giving a total of very nearly 27,000 horsepower, with a corresponding boiler plant, or only a little less than two horsepower per square foot. It would seem, indeed, as though economy in space could not well be carried much farther.—Cassier's Magazine.

Ingrowing Hair.

The barber was talking. "Ingrowing hairs in the face are often painful," he remarked, "but they aren't in it with ingrowing hairs under the finger nails. Fact, I assure you. Ask any barber, and he will tell you the same thing. How do they get there? Oh, that's simple enough. In cutting a man's hair, a short hair very often flies off the shears and lodges under the finger nail. We don't notice it at the time, and it gradually works its way in until it is completely out of sight. Then the trouble begins. Sometimes it takes root and grows out, but more often it just stays there and festers. Does the razor hurt? There you are, sir. Next!"—Philadelphia Record.

Waking a Shah.

An amusing story is told of how the late shah fell asleep when he should have been the chief guest at a reception. In Persia they believe that an awakened person suffers grievous injury. What was to be done? A band was dispatched to the shah's resting place with special instructions to the big drum. The result was successful.

Faith is letting down our nets into the transparent deeps, at the divine command, not knowing what we shall take.—Faber.

The Duchess of Teck is expected to get along somehow or other on an annual allowance of £5,000

AN IMPRESSION.

A wind swept sky,
The waste of moorland stretching to the west,
The sea, low moaning in a strange unrest—
A sea gull's cry.

Washed by the tide,
The rocks lie sullen in the waning light;
The foam breaks in long strips of hungry white,
Dissatisfied.

Above, around,
Thunderous calm of drought that kills and sears;
Silence, in travail, waiting birth of tears—
No conscious sound.

Only the stir
Of some small insect life within the land;
The lapping of the waves upon the sand,
A corncrake's whir.

Upon the hill
The gorse seems thirsting for the rain; afar,
Low poised on the horizon line, one star
Shines, lonely still.
—May Bateman in Temple Bar.

WHAT THEY EAT IN EGYPT.

Kabob and Green Cakes Form an Epicurean Meal—For Five Cents.

Margherita Arlina Hamm, a clever writer on the New York Mail and Express, says that every country has its own little delicacies, and the British soldiers who pour into Egypt undoubtedly buy from the street hawkers the green cakes, and possibly the kabobs, for which the land of the Nile is famous.

The kabob is broiled meat, but is broiled in so ridiculous a fashion as to be really funny. The peddler uses a little charcoal furnace, something like those in use by our plumbers. In it he keeps up a small but hot fire. Attached to the side of the furnace is a lot of iron skewers. When a customer approaches, the hawker takes a small piece of meat, mutton or goat, the latter being the most popular, cuts it with a sharp knife into a long ribbon, winds it around the skewer and places it over the charcoal fire. Some of the drippings are collected, and, with a little salt or salt and spice, makes a pleasant sauce for the kabob when it is done. The cooking is very rapid. What with the heat of the fire and the thinness of the meat, it is thoroughly done in two or three minutes.

The green cakes are nothing more or less than small wheaten cakes mixed with chopped green leaves of various kinds salted and baked in a slow oven. They are pale yellow, yellow gray and brownish gray, with irregular splashes of green on both the upper and lower surfaces. They are said to be very nourishing, and they are certainly very appetizing and palatable when fresh from the oven. Almost any kind of green leaf which is used as human food serves for making a green cake. The humble cabbage and the aristocratic petit pois vert, the watermelon rind and the celery top, the string bean and even the asparagus tip have been used for the purpose. In addition to the nutritious leaf there is nearly always a flavoring leaf. The commonest is parsley, and after this comes fennel, fenugreek, sorrel, bay and laurel.

The green cake of the market varies from 3 to 4 inches in width, but is rarely more than a quarter of an inch thick. About one-half are made by bakers and one-half by the women of the working classes.

Rastus' Birthday.

In the northern part of Georgia I came upon a negro cabin, and, as I approached, it became evident that some extraordinary commotion was going on within. In fact, shouts and yells of terror succeeded one another so rapidly that I hastened to see what could be the trouble.

As I drew rein before the door half a dozen ragged pickaninnies ran out. All but one of them were screaming and crying at the tops of their voices, while the odd one, as merry as the others were sad, began tumbling cartwheels and standing on his head. At this moment a man, evidently the head of the household, appeared in the doorway, and in answer to my inquiries gave me the following explanation of the mystery:

"Yer see, sah, dis is 'Rastus' birfday," indicating the one whose joyful antics I have just mentioned. "Now, I'se powerful hard up jes' at presen' an didn't hab no money ter celebrate in de usual way. An it jes' bruk me all up ter see de res' habin jes' as much fun on 'Rastus' birfday as 'Rastus was habin hisself. So, times bein so hard, de only way I could see was ter gib der res' all a lickin, an dat kinder raises 'Rastus up ober de odders."

A quarter flung to 'Rastus proved a charm that raised him still higher and dried the tears of the others in an instant. Happier children than these same pickaninnies as I rode away, a moment later, it would be hard to find.—Youth's Companion.

Aunty Kruger.

Mrs. Kruger, the wife of President Kruger of the Transvaal, who is an extremely homely woman, does nearly all her own housework, cooking meals, making her own bed, and always takes a hand in the family washing. When her husband has "state guests" to dinner the good lady will trust the task of waiting on the table to no one, and, donning a white apron, she performs the office of butler. Her husband has a private fortune of $25,000,000, but it's "Aunty" Kruger's boast that they live on their "coffee money"—a perquisite of $2,000 a year allowed them by the government.

His Proper Sphere.

Author—Mary, I've made a mistake in my calling; I'm not an author, but a born chemist.

Author's Wife—What makes you think that, Horace?"

Author—Well, every book I write becomes a drug in the market.—London Answers.

His Little Scheme.

"How is this, Florence? Here is a guitar in place of your mandolin?"

"Yes, mother. Paul Davis took my mandolin in mistake for his guitar. He will return it tonight when he comes for his guitar."—Detroit Free Press.

FACTORY SYSTEMS IN SWITZERLAND.

Skilled Watchmakers Will Not Work by American Methods.

It is most interesting to compare the different methods by means of which the highest grade of mechanical perfection is attained in various countries. Notwithstanding the high character of American watches, for example, the finest Swiss watches will retain their great reputation. The Swiss workman receives the parts from the manufacturer in the rough, takes them to his home, puts his best individual skill into the finishing and assembling and brings the completed watches to his employer. The latter inspects the work, and out of a batch of, say, 50 watches he selects five or six as worthy of his attention and puts the others into the regular trade under some general trade name. The selected watches he readjusts, working over them for days, weeks and months before he considers them worthy to bear his own name, and it is these watches which go to those who not only have the money to buy, but also the patience to wait.

A prominent firm of American jewelers, chafing under the inconveniences of this old world method of doing things, sought to introduce American methods and see if the highest grade of Swiss watches could not be made more methodically. A factory was built, enticing rates of wages were offered to the most skillful workmen, and the experiment was tried. But, alas, the Swiss workman soon found that no regular wages could pay him for his loss of liberty. To be on hand when the whistle blew in the morning, to have his stated hour for dinner and his fixed hour for quitting at night—these restrictions he could not long stand. Formerly he had worked when he felt like it and stopped when it pleased him, and when he was paid for one job he took his own time to begin the next, generally waiting until his funds ran low. The factory plan did not work for long, and the idle building now bears silent testimony to the Swiss love for independence, which is as much a factor in present life as it has been in past history.—Cassier's Magazine.

TWO MEETINGS.

A Very Old Man Tells of Something That Awakened Tender Memories.

"I came across something last Sunday," said an old, very old, man one day in 1966, "something that brought tears to my eyes and started a flood of recollections that I could not control. I had been out with my son-in-law for a little excursion, and feeling thirsty we dropped down in the yard of a neat looking hotel and called for some Rhine wine and selters.

" 'You will have to order a meal,' said the waiter, and we said, 'Of course; two meals.' In time the Rhine wine was brought. The glasses were smaller than they were when I was young, but their contents were 'otherwise well.' Then he brought the meals.

"They were the ordinary Sunday drink meals. My son-in-law's was ordinary in every way; but the waiter had dropped mine, and, picking it up in a hurry, had placed it on the plate upside down. Otherwise, of course, I should never have noticed it. On the bottom of the meal, carved deep into the crust, were the initials 'B. G. R.,' and the date '1896, May 17.' Seventy years old and more that Raines Sunday meal was! The initials were my own, and, as I looked at the figures, almost as fresh as when they were first carved, my memory went back to the bright Sunday in May, 1896, when a friend and I had ridden on our bicycles to the self same 'hotel' and ordered the same drinks and meals. Of course, it was only a coincidence, but it was interesting.

"It was just about that time," said the old, very old, man, picking up his cane, "that the custom the boys had of carving their names on turtles' backs was given up; they carved them on Raines Sunday meals, because they lasted longer. And I think that I was one of the pioneers of the new custom." And the old, very old, man went out.—New York Sun.

Julian Scott, Drummer Boy.

The Boston Transcript says that Julian Scott, drummer boy, Company E, Third Vermont volunteers, "received the first congressional medal of honor for bravery at the battle of Lee's Mills, Va., April 16, 1862. His duties did not require him to be present on the field. Learning that four companies of his regiment, including his own, had crossed the creek and were suffering terrible losses, and that many of his comrades were killed and wounded, he started for the scene, forded the creek, and, in the face of a terrible fire and countercharge from the enemy, succeeded unaided in bringing two severely wounded comrades across the creek. A general order was issued by his brigade commander, General 'Baldy' Smith, commending the heroic bravery of this drummer boy. The act of congress granting the medal of honor was passed July 12, 1862, and it is reported that Secretary Stanton was so pleased with the bravery of this boy that as soon as the medals were ready he sent the first one to Julian Scott."

Wonderful Vitality of Seeds.

Professors Webster and Pouchet, who have recently been engaged in experimenting on the vitality of seeds, find that the seed of Medicigo americana (lucern) may be boiled uninterruptedly for four hours without losing their vitality. Seeds so treated sprouted and sprung up in from 12 to 17 days.—St. Louis Republic.

The women of savage nations rarely pay much attention to the dressing of their hair, while savage men, on the contrary, regard their coiffures as of the utmost importance.

A British patent covers England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and the Channel islands, but not one of the British colonies.

CARRY THEIR EGGS.

LARGE BIRDS DISCOVERED BY EXPLORERS THAT DO THIS.

The Nest of the Albatross and Some Others Is Where They Sit Down—An Island In the Antarctic Regions—The Experience of Audubon.

Some time ago a small party of explorers landed on one of the apparently barren islands just on the borders of the antarctic regions and found it inhabited by a remarkable colony of birds that ranged from large Mother Carey like birds to penguins of all kinds and degrees. The island was fairly covered with the feathered inhabitants, and, as the boat ran on to a rock that apparently afforded a landing, the birds, instead of moving away, seemed determined to resent the intrusion and stood their ground, viciously attacking the men, who, though they knocked the birds aside with clubs and oars, made no appreciable inroad upon their numbers.

The party then formed a compact body, and, armed with boathooks to push the shrieking throng aside, moved up what apparently was a street here and there dotted with singular stool-like objects about 3 feet in width, larger at the top. These were the nests of the albatross, and, as the men were especially desirous of obtaining a set of eggs, they observed the nests very carefully, but in every instance the bird when approached shuffled clumsily away, and no eggs were found, though the birds were supposed to be sitting upon them.

Finally a nest was found containing an egg, but just as the men drew near the bird alighted and took her place upon it, eying them with suspicion and uttering a curious half hissing sound. They watched her for a few moments and then forced her from the nest, when, to their amazement, the egg had disappeared as completely as though it had been swallowed up. The nest was examined closely and finally torn apart, the men thinking that possibly the egg might have slipped into it in some mysterious way, but without success.

One of the party attempted to catch an albatross, and while he was following the bird in a ludicrous chase over the stubble an egg suddenly appeared, dropped by the running bird, which had all the time been carrying it, not under her wing, as she is supposed to do at sea by superstitious sailors, but in a peculiar sack in the skin provided by nature for this very purpose.

The albatross is famed for its power of flight, following vessels hundreds of miles. Yet when nesting it apparently forgets that it has wings, as it can be handled and pushed about in the nest, making no attempt to fly or move unless driven away by blows. This may be due to the fact that the egg is held in the curious sack and the bird instinctively knows that it cannot fly off with it; so it resists.

This sly bird is called the molly mauk. And its cousin, the great albatross, has a similar habit, the egg, which is five inches in length, almost as large as that of a swan, being held in a perfect incubating pouch.

On Marion island the explorers found the great king penguin—a bird which stands half as high as a man, with its bill pointing directly upward instead of out, as with other birds. As they landed and approached the singular creatures, which had been standing about, they hopped away slowly, but not an egg could be found, a set of which was the object of the visit.

The birds had a peculiar movement. Instead of walking and moving one foot after the other, or alternately, they held them close together and hopped. This excited the laughter of the men, who finally toppled a bird over, whereupon the egg rolled out upon the sand.

The king penguin was also an egg carrier, not only holding it while standing still, but carrying the big egg about with it by placing it in a pouch for the purpose, holding it in with the broad webbed feet that are kept closely together. This explained the curious hopping motion of the birds, as they could not move their feet without dropping the egg, but the moment one was forced to give up the prize it ran away, using both feet, like ordinary birds.

This remarkable habit does away with the necessity of a nest, as the bird carries its egg with it as it moves about. In these instances the birds rarely transport the egg to a great distance. If undisturbed, they probably remain about a certain locality, but there are birds which have been known to transport their eggs from one place to another, literally flying away with them. When Audubon first heard this story of the nighthawk, called Chuck Will's widow, he thought it a story of the negroes. Some insisted that the bird carried the egg away under its wing; others that it rolled the egg over the ground. To determine the truth Audubon concealed himself in the woods under a nest, having first handled the eggs, and waited to see what the old bird would do. The first bird to arrive appeared very dejected at the discovery that the secret home had been found, ruffling up its feathers and uttering a moaning cry just audible to the listener. Then the mate arrived, and, after various movements indicative of alarm, each bird took an egg in its capacious mouth and flew softly away.

Le Vaillant, the French naturalist, observed the collared goatsucker of the Cape of Good Hope carrying off its eggs in the same manner—a comparatively easy feat, as the mouth of all these birds is very capacious, a veritable trap when the jaws are opened for the various insects upon which they feed in the dusk between day and night.

Many birds carry their young short distances, as the woodcock, which has been seen carrying off a little one between the claws, while it is well known that the wood duck carries its young down from the nest in trees to the water, using her bill for the purpose.—Philadelphia Times.

THE BREECHLOADER.

Improvements In Guns That Conduce to Rapidity of Firing.

Let us examine a breechloader and see what improvements have been made which may conduce to rapidity of fire. We see that in the older pattern three motions were necessary to open the breech. First the bar which is fixed across the base of the block had to be removed, then a half turn had to be given to the block to free it in its bed, and then it had to be pulled forward. Lastly, it had to be thrown back on its hinge, so as to open the gun from end to end. We are shown that in later patterns the cavity or bed into which the block fits is made in the form of a cone, so that the breech block itself can be turned outward without any preliminary motion forward. In artillery work time is everything, and any one motion of the gunner's hands and arms saved is a point gained.

Now let us look at the mechanism by which the recoil or backward movement of the gun is checked at the moment of firing. The gun slides into its cradle, and its recoil is counteracted by buffers which work in coil, something in the fashion of the coil springs which we see on doors. Iron spiral springs push the gun back again into place. Another interesting piece of mechanism is the electric machinery by which the gun is fired. When the recoil has taken place, the wire, along which runs the electric current, is pushed out of place, so that it is impossible to fire the gun, even though it be loaded, until it has been again fixed in its proper position on the cradle. Truly a modern cannon is a wonderful machine, and yet it is only a development from the sort of iron gas pipe which was used in the middle ages.

Hard by is a gun which has come to grief. In experiments which are carried on at Shoeburyness guns are charged to their full, or, as in this case, more than their full strength. There is an ugly gash running down the outer case or jacket, as it is called, of the gun, and the latter has broken and nearly jumped out of its cradle. Nursery phraseology certainly comes in strongly in the technical slang of gunnery when we have to do with Woolwich infants.—Chambers' Journal.

X RAYS CAN BE SEEN.

Their Effects on Different Parts of the Human Eye.

Dr. Brandes of the University of Halle has succeeded in rendering directly visible the X rays discovered by Professor Roentgen. The observation made by Professor Salvioni, an Italian physicist, that lenses are in a very slight degree penetrable by Roentgen's rays, suggested to Dr. Brandes the idea that the invisibility might be due to circumstances connected with this fact. He accordingly resolved to test the effect of Roentgen's rays on lenseless eyes.

There are many people who have had the lenses of their eyes removed as a remedy for extreme shortsightedness or for cataract. A girl who had had this operation performed on both eyes, but in whose right eye a remnant of the lens had been left, allowed the experiment to be tried upon her.

Professor Dorn, whom Dr. Brandes had interested in the investigation, subjected the girl quite unexpectedly to the rays, and, when the strong current passed through the tube, which had been totally darkened, she declared that she saw light with her left eye. Professors Dorn and Brandes at first thought it possible that a spark had leaped across, but, when this had been rendered impossible, the girl continued to declare that she saw light.

On further trying the experiment the two savants saw the light too. They then continued their investigations and ascertained that Roentgen's rays really affect the retina. If we place our head, completely inclosed in an entirely opaque vessel, near the source of the rays, we see light even with the closed eyes, and we see it most clearly at the periphery. Moreover, we continue to see it even when a large aluminium plate, which would completely exclude electric rays, is placed between a Hittorf tube and the eye. Utter darkness, on the other hand, results if a thick pane of glass, which, as is well known, is only in a very slight degree penetrable by Roentgen's rays, is placed between the tube and the closed or covered eye.—Berlin Cor. London Standard.

Wedding Postponed.

Sharp Dame—I must frankly tell you, Mr. Meek, that my consent to your marrying with my daughter has been wrung from me under protest.

Mr. Meek—Eh? Protest?

Sharp Dame—Yes, sir. I knew that if I did not consent she would disgrace the family by an elopement. When she wants anything, we all have to give in to her or take the consequences, and long experience has taught me that I might as well try to fan off a cyclone as reason with her when she gets mad, especially if there is a flatiron or a rolling pin handy, and so I just give right up at once. Has the wedding day been set yet, Mr. Meek?"

Mr. Meek—Um—er—not yet, and, in fact, madam, I'm—I'm a little afraid I can't afford to marry very soon anyhow. Goo-good day.—New York Weekly.

Her Varying Value.

Mrs. Ferguson—George, if I should cease to care for you and fall in love with some handsomer man, what would you do?

Mr. Ferguson (with some fierceness)—I'd sue the scoundrel for $100,000!

Mrs. Ferguson (applying the corner of a handkerchief to her eye)—And yet when I told you the other day how dearly I'd love you if you would only buy me that $13.99 vase at Spreadeagle & Co.'s you only said, "H'mph!"—Chicago Tribune.

The New Craze.

Photographer—Photograph, sir?
Customer—Yes, please.
Photographer—Inside or outside, sir?
—Pick Me Up.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JULY 11, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"The Gay Parisians."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Lost, Strayed or Stolen."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Ada Rehan.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Silver Lining."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Merry War."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

"DEMOCRATIZATION OF ENGLAND."

There can be no doubt that, in England, a democratic force is growing and strengthening day by day, particularly in the cities, towns and hamlets where multitudinous artisans work, read and think. In the rural districts, unnurtured Hodge still dearly loves the lord, the squire or the parson, according as he is placed, and does the bidding of his "master," like the hereditary bondsman he is. Much of this democratic tendency among the more intelligent class of working Englishmen is due to the idiotic stubbornness of the house of lords in regard to popular legislation. Another cause is the outspoken liberty, equality and fraternity doctrines of the English democratic press, notably Reynolds' Newspaper, which is the most formidable enemy the House of Hanover has encountered since the Anglo-German dynasty was established at the beginning of the Eighteenth century. The silly London rabble, of course, still runs after the fool processions of "royalty," and the Lord Mayor's annual mummery, but it would do the same if the attraction were Buffalo Bill's admirable Wild West Congress of Rough Riders, or a wandering circus. The scales have, in a measure, dropped from the eyes of England's common people. They perceive, at last, that earthly lords are made of very common clay and are the slaves of many gross vices. Week after week, Reynolds' exposes the sinister descent of "noble" houses—the Graftons, the St. Albans, the Richmonds, the Beauforts, and so on—all bespattered with the stains of illegitimacy, and many of them notorious for the violation of sundry if not all of the ten commandments. It is not, for example, elevating to the character of the British peerage to have it generally known that one descendant, at least, of "old John of Gaunt, time honored Lancaster," the son of a duke and the brother of a marquis, is on his keeping in Turkey for precisely the same offenses of which a certain notorious London litterateur was recently convicted, and for which he is now suffering a two years' sentence of imprisonment with hard labor. The "lord" was allowed to escape, but the "commoner" had to stand the legal consequences of his acts. The case of the fugitive peer is only one of several of the same character.

Then, again, how can people who think at all respect a dynasty that furnishes, in almost every generation, a professional libertine, and public demoralizer? It must be a very low public taste that would indorse the bad example set by an heir to the throne in paying notorious attentions to married women of title, or of no title, and in patronizing the horse races to the extent of being a stud owner, and an occasionally successful gambler. There never was, perhaps, a female personality that appealed less to chivalry than that of Victoria, Queen and Empress. A plain girl, a plainer matron, she has "evoluted" into a superlatively ugly crone, with the smaller vices of the small Brunswicks painfully developed. And the thinking British taxpayer begins to grumble mightily at the expense of maintaining this so-called "royalty," which orders its male scions, without blush of shame, to face to the rear when the troops they are supposed to command are rushing to the front of battle, as at Tel-el-Kevir. The only members of the Hanover family who have taken the field in earnest since Cumberland got whaled at Fontenoy, were the Duke of York, brother of George IV., who was driven out of Holland by the French, and the Duke of Cambridge, who sickened at the sight of blood, after a battle or two in the Crimea. The Duke of Connaught's military experiences, as a fighting man, are the laughing stock of the real warriors of the British army.

And yet, perhaps, the Brunswicks, in their "innocuous" military "desuetude" are less harmful than the "uniformed butchers" who control the destinies of other countries. They are only ridiculous. The other class are well described by "Ouida" in her recent article in the Forum.

"No sovereign," she says, "would dare to educate his sons otherwise than in the curricula of military science. There are two little boys now conspicuous in Europe, one is eleven and the other eight years of age; one is a crown prince and the other a crowned king; the former is the most dreary and self-conscious little prig that ever was drilled in pipeclay and buckram, and the other is still a high-spirited child, bold, saucy and lovable; but both the Prussian Kronprinz and the Spanish Rey Nino have already but one thought in their young heads: War. The pompous little German lieutenant only lives for dreams of strategy, maneuvres, kriegspiel, the importance of buttons, the dignity of stripes and grades, the superiority of gunpowders and chemicals: and the bright Nino climbs on Marshal Compos's knees and begs to be told how Moors were killed in Morocco, Cubans in Cuba, and how many years he will have still to wait before he too can have the joy of killing them. Divine education of Christian princes! These children are taken, respectively, to the Lutheran service, and to the Catholic mass; and they are alike told that they are the servants of the Son of Peace, and what are they in truth being made both by education and example? They are being made the scourge of their own generation, and of the generations to come. They are being taught to hope for, and to aspire to direct, the slaughter of their people and of neighboring peoples, to find their toys in military science, their theatre in the battlefield, their ambrosia in blood. The little lads of their own age who now run before their carriages in the dust, shouting their names with joyous outcry, will be for them a score of years hence crippled, maimed, riddled with shot, torn with explosive bullets, drowned by torpedoes, blown up by mines; thousands yet unborn will arise to curse them; mothers will ask their dead sons at their hands, and ask in vain; villages will burn like wisps of straw, and cities crumble like trodden ant-hills, at their word; they are innocent themselves as the atoms of tubing or the tin sardine boxes which hold the detonators and the iron nails of the bomb; but as these are filled with the deadliest fumes and fires of hell, so are these boys from their earliest infancy filled to the throat with the lust, the pride, the appetite of War."

Very true. "Ouida," but, while the Brunswicks don't fight themselves, they encourage others to do so, and cheer on, at a safe distance, the invasion and spoliation of countries on which England has fixed her covetous eyes. We hope that the growth of the democratic tendency in England will check the robber spirit which now distinguishes the Empire, but, up to date, the English democrats, as a mass, do not seem to be very much shocked at the robbery of Hindostan or the raid into the Transvaal.

Thomas Davidson, an English writer of note, in an article on the "Democratization of England," recently published, says in summing up the existing situation in Great Britain:

"Just what institutions will remain in the new order of things, and what form it will assume, it is somewhat premature to prophesy, on account of the English fondness for compromise and half-measures. Still a few points are clear enough. Though the correlated privileged class and privileged church, and, with these, the house of lords, are certainly doomed, the English sense of humor will probably prevent any legislation forbidding the wearing of hereditary titles and similar childish gewgaws. Whether the fiction of monarchy will be permitted to continue will probably depend upon the personal conduct of the next monarch. That education, in all its grades, will be placed within reach of all, is already a foregone conclusion. But certain other things are less clear. That some steps will be taken toward the nationalization of the land, and toward the state-control, if not the state management, of industry, with a view to preventing the amassing of wealth and consequent power in the hands of a few persons, and to providing opportunities of work for all classes, is extremely probable; but how far this will go is very uncertain. If the Germano-Judaic socialistic notions now prevailing among certain portions of the working classes in large cities should carry legislation too far in this direction; if the state should be induced to attack the institution of private property, to fetter individual initiative or effort, or to assume a paternal attitude to any class of the people, by relieving it of the responsibility of planning and struggling for its own existence and well-being, then the very conditions of that personal liberty upon which the strength of England depends, would be removed. There is a great pitfall here, and it will require all the common sense for which England is distinguished to avoid falling into it."

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The Democratic National convention has been in session, more or less, since noon of last Tuesday, and, up to the hour of going to press has come to no conclusion as regards platform or ticket. Free silver is in the ascendant, as was exemplified by the defeat of Senator Hill, of New York, for temporary chairman, the election of Senator Daniel, of Virginia, to that position, and the subsequent choosing of Hon. Stephen White, of California, for permanent chairman. The platform, as submitted by the committee, runs mainly on the old Democratic lines, denounces centralization of power, favors tariff for purposes of revenue only and declares for a bi-metallic coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1. The most formidable candidates for the presidency seem to be the Hon. Richard Bland, of Missouri; the Hon. Horace Boies, of Iowa; the Hon. A. E. Stevenson, of Illinois, and the Hon. W. J. Bryan, of Nebraska. At last accounts, Mr. Bland was still in the lead.

THE AMNESTY MEETING.

The great amnesty meeting which will assemble in Battery D, on Saturday evening, July 25, will be addressed by several distinguished citizens of Illinois, including Senator Cullom, Luther Laflin Mills, Attorney-General Moloney, Col. Marcus Kavanaugh and others. The object of the meeting has been already announced: it is to demand from the British government amnesty for the Irish political prisoners, now pining to death in English jails, many of whom are American citizens. These men, for offenses charged against them by British police officials, than whom none are more truculent and untrustworthy, have now lain in dungeons for fifteen years and upward, although not a single English, or other, life was sacrificed by their alleged acts. Not alone have they been confined in punishment cells, beyond the customary proportion of days devoted to solitary confinement in utter darkness and on starvation diet, but they have also been persecuted in other ways, so much so that some have already won release from torture through the black portals of death, some have gone insane, and others hover on the brink of mental eclipse. Nothing can be more horrible than their condition.

Mr. J. D. O'Connell, in a recent letter to the Washington Post, calls attention to the threat made by England that if any severe punishment were inflicted on Col. Rhodes and his fellow bandits, the Transvaal would be made to suffer immediately. This, Mr. O'Connell says, is a piece of British insolence which is only equalled by its hypocrisy, especially when the brutal treatment accorded the Irish political prisoners by England is taken into consideration. He also calls attention to an editorial in the New York Sun, which, drawing a parallel between Ireland and the Transvaal, says:

"Innumerable have been the Irish victims of British vengeance, from the time when Emmet and others were sent to the scaffold, down to the present hour, when Irish political offenders are languishing in British prisons. Some of the men thus harshly punished for political offenses have been American citizens; but the appeals of our government for their release have been unheard. Such appeals are regarded as impertinent when addressed to the British government; but when addressed by Mr. Chamberlain to a weak Hollander republic, on behalf of English criminals, they became righteous and majestic, and must be enforced by threats!

"Let us suppose that a body of Irishmen, residing in Toronto, had made up their minds to seize that city, and had invited assistance from Irish-Americans who, on their part, undertook a second Fenian invasion. Let us suppose that the invaders were captured by English troops, and that the chief conspirators in Toronto were detected and imprisoned. The situation would be an exact counterpart of that which existed in the Transvaal after the failure of Jameson's raid. Does any man of common sense imagine that the British authorities in Canada would have hesitated to deal summarily with the Irish-American invaders, or that they would have dreamed of surrendering the whole body of captured marauders to the United States? The question answers itself. Then, as regards the Irish in Toronto, who, according to the hypothesis had invited the invasion and had planned a simultaneous uprising, does any man doubt that the sentence passed upon them by a competent court would have been ruthlessly carried out? Every Irishman convicted of treason would have been either hanged or consigned to imprisonment for a long term.

"Before Englishmen protest so vehemently against any serious punishment of political offenders in the Transvaal they had better atone for their bloody record in Ireland, by releasing Irish political offenders from their living graves in English jails."

Of course, as Mr. O'Donnell points out, there is no analogy between the motives of Irishmen who strike against British rule, despairing of success by peaceful means, and the ruffian raiders who sought to subjugate a peaceful and unsuspecting state by a system of armed brigandage. The rest of the parallel stands, however, but England has forgotten how to blush for her crimes.

THE CITIZEN hopes that the demonstration at Battery D, on the evening of July 25, will be in every way worthy of the cause.

IRISH BRAVERY AT ATHLONE.

[*To the Editor.*]

"In your issue of July 4, on the first page, you have a "Ballad of Athlone," by Aubrey De Vere. As this grand ballad is historical, I would call your attention to the first line of the second stanza,—"Break down the bridge—*six* warriors rushed,"—but six is not the correct number; it is either a misprint or an error of the author. I quote the following account from the Green Book, page 325: "A brave dragoon sergeant of Brigadier Maxwell's regiment named Custume, proposed with a party of his countrymen to put a stop to the enemy's design of passing the river. The offer of the intrepid sergeant was agreed to, and he dashed forward in the face of all the English works at the head of ten daring companions in armor, and 'with courage and strength,' says King James, 'even beyond what men were thought capable of,' began to pull away the English beams and planks, and fling them into the water. A tremendous fire of great and small arms from the whole English line was directed upon these gallant fellows, who were all slain before they could complete their desperate task. Undeterred by their fate, eleven more then sprang forth to continue what remained to be done. Another general discharge of cannon and musketry flashed along the English bank of the river! The smoke cleared away; nine of the bold assailants had fallen; only two were seen to survive; but the bridge was impassable; they had finished their heroic enterprise.

"Story cont. Hist., p. 102-3. King James, Vol. 2, p. 454, affirm that these twenty-two fine fellows were all Scotch, on the ground that they all belonged to Maxwell's regiment. For more of this see the foot notes at the end of the Green Book, p. 325-6. I am sure your historical knowledge of the siege of Athlone will be sufficient for you to refute the boasting that these twenty-two heroes were all, or any of them, Scotch." J. N.

There is scarcely need to refute Story's falsehood relative to the personnel of Maxwell's regiment. It was a favorite English libel to attribute every failure to the Irish troops and every success to the other soldiers, of whom there were not many, in King James' army. Maxwell's regiment was Irish throughout. The Scotch Presbyterians all fought on the side of William, and the Scotch Highlanders, some of whom were Catholics, made no great effort after the death of Viscount Dundee at the battle of Killecrankie, in 1689. The only foreign contingent that came to King James' assistance during the three years' war was the French. Six thousand of these troops were exchanged for six thousand veteran Irish, commanded by Justin McCarthy, Lord Mountcashel. It was a fatal exchange, because the French commanding officers, except the gallant and unfortunate St. Ruth, were mere courtiers, who hated to be exiled from France, as they termed it, and who were demoralized by the lack of military forethought displayed by James' Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Tyrconnell, who, perhaps, could not be justly blamed for a state of things over which he had but little control. The Irish army, consisting of twenty regiments of horse and fifty of foot, with a most inadequate artillery, was very badly armed and equipped. Most of the infantry regiments had half pikes in greater proportion than muskets, and were very poorly drilled. The latter condition made the presence of foreign officers desirable, but, as they could not speak English or Irish, they could do but little to increase the efficiency of the troops. This state of things lasted, as regarded the infantry, until after the battle of the Boyne. The exertions of Sarsfield and other native officers made them excellent troops before the autumn campaign of 1690 closed with the successful defense of Athlone and Limerick.

The Irish cavalry, on the other hand, was commanded in the main by officers who had served in the armies of Charles II. and James II. on the continent and in England. Some had served in different European armies, and, as a consequence, this force was in a fine state of efficiency—that is the cavalry proper, not the dragoons, who were, in that age, mounted infantry, required to fight on foot or horseback as occasion might serve. Clare's and Dongan's dragoons acted weakly at the Boyne, because they were raw levies, but the Irish cavalry proper, under the gallant Gen. Richard Hamilton, a born Irishman, covered itself with glory. Macaulay bears high testimony to this fact, in his account of the battle, and refutes the calumny that they were men of non-Celtic blood. He does not, however, conceal the inefficiency of the Irish foot; but the fact that these latter effected their retreat with the loss of only a single cannon, which got "stuck in a bog," sufficiently attests that they retired from the field in good order.

The bravest people in the world can be beaten by a smaller force, if the latter is well disciplined, and has the time necessary to prepare for resistance or aggression. The Irish of 1688-91 were brave, as Athlone, Limerick and Aughrim will bear witness to the latest stroke of time, but the peasant insurgents of Westford and Wicklow were bolder still, in 1798. No more desperate bravery was ever exhibited on any field than that displayed by the united Irish army at Enniscorthy, New Ross and Arklow. The two latter were drawn battles, and Gens. Johnstone and Needham, the two English generals who respectively commanded, have left, in their reports, enduring evidence of undisciplined Irish valor.

No, there is no need to refute the lies of Story—a pig of an Englishman, blinded by prejudice and self esteem. Englishmen of honor—Parker and others—did justice to Irish soldiership even in that bigot age; and, since then, France, Austria, Spain, Germany and the American continents, have rung with the daring deeds of Irish chevaliers.

SUCCESS OF THE MILITARY PICNICS.

Owing to pressure on our columns, we are unable to give extended reports of the military picnics of the Clan-na-Guards and Seventh Regiment, I.N.G., (Hibernian Rifles), at Oswald's Park and Ogden's Grove respectively. Both demonstrations were largely attended, and America's National birthday, July 4, was never more highly honored than by the sons and daughters of Ireland assembled in both places. Everything passed off in perfect order. At Oswald's Park, Senator Mahoney presided, and speeches were delivered by the Hon. M. V. Gannon and M. J. Keane. At Ogden's Grove, the speakers were Col. Marcus Kavanaugh and Lieut.-Col. Moriarty. THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates both organizations on their well-earned success.

IRISH "IMPERIAL" TAXATION.

English, Scotch and Welsh members of parliament, together with their constituents, have sneered for nearly a century at Ireland's complaint of over-taxation since the period of the fraudulent "Union" act. A few years ago, parliament authorized an investigating body, known as the Financial Relations Commission, to be established, and, not long since, it concluded its work, after painstaking investigation. A majority of the members of the commission united on the following points

"1. That Great Britain and Ireland must for the purpose of this inquiry be considered as separate entities.

"2. That the Act of Union imposed upon Ireland a burden which, as events showed, she was unable to bear.

"3. That the increase of taxation laid upon Ireland between 1833 and 1860 was not justified by the then existing circumstances.

"4. That the identity of rates of taxation does not necessarily involve equality of burden.

"5. That whilst the actual tax revenue of Ireland, as computed by the treasury, is about one-eleventh of that of Great Britain, the relative taxable capacity of Ireland is very much smaller, and is not estimated by any of us to exceed one-twentieth.

"11. There are points on which we differ. For a more complete account of our several views on the subjects dealt with by the above conclusions, and for our views on the whole question, we beg to refer to our separate reports."

This report is agreed to by The O'Connor Don, chairman; Lord Farrar, Lord Welby, Hon. Edward Blake, Mr. B. W. Currie, Mr. Charles E. Martin, Mr. J. E. Redmond, Mr. Thos. Sexton, and Mr. Henry F. Slattery.

The commissioners who have not agreed to the report are Sir Thomas Sutherland, Sir David Barbour, and Mr. G. Wolff, M. P.

After going into much historical data regarding Irish taxation since 1801 three commissioners, Messrs. Blake, Slattery and Sexton say in a further report:

"The taxation of Ireland since the Union has averaged six millions a year, but the conclusion sustained by evidence is that her fair average proportion of the revenue levied according to her relative capacity was not more than three millions per annum, or half the amount which she has had to pay.

"The gross amount of Irish taxation as collected during the century is scarcely affected by the adjustments made by the treasury to estimate the 'true revenue,' because the collected revenue has been adjusted by additions to it till 1870, and by deductions from it since, and the additions in the former period are balanced by the deductions in the latter. But as the effect of adjustment is now to reduce the Irish revenue as collected by more than two millions a year, it becomes material to observe that the part of the system of computation most relied upon has been found liable to error; that some 'corrections' made must themselves be incorrect, as they are measured by applying particulars of the transit of goods for some months in 1891 to the revenue of later years, and that other corrections are founded on private and unsifted information. In dealing with Irish revenue for any purposes directly practical, it would be necessary to substitute accurate particulars for more or less hypothetical estimates.

"The Act of the Union which defines and directs the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland constitutes Ireland for the purpose of taxing her a separate country, to be separately considered and dealt with apart, whether undes the system of proportional contribution (set aside in contravention to the treaty), or under that which succeeded, of contribution by equal taxes on the same articles, subject to such particular exemptions and abatements as the circumstances of Ireland might appear from time to time to demand. But the revenue of Ireland, her whole revenue, by whatever system raised, is contributed under the Union to the expenditure of the United Kingdom. The treaty does not indicate any mode of subdividing that expenditure into 'charges for Irish purposes' and charges for purposes not Irish, and it does not authorize, or even contemplate, any division of the kind or any division whatever, as to the present cost of the Imperial Government in Ireland; it is chiefly due to the nature and conditions of such Imperial Government, and it appears more likely to be augmented than reduced until it is made subject to domestic control.

"The whole amount of Irish taxation is contributed to the expenditure of the United Kindom—that is to the whole Imperial expenditure, and while the legislative Union subsists expenditure out of the Imperial Exchequer in Ireland or for purposes said to be Irish cannot be regarded otherwise than as Imperial expenditure. Neither can the revenue of Ireland, contributed, as it is, to the undivided expenditure of the United Kingdom, be divided into two parts for the purpose of appropriating one part in payment of charges arbitrarily classified as 'charges for Irish purposes,' and reckoning only the remainder instead of the whole revenue as the contribution of Ireland to Imperial expenditure. Sir Robert Giffen affirms with emphasis that this newfound theory is as entirely opposed to authority, equity and sound finance as it certainly is fundamentally contrary to the principles and provisions of the treaty of the Union.

"As Ireland under the existing system contributes her entire revenue to Imperial expenditure as a whole, what this question contemplates can only be the transfer of control over Irish finance to an Irish legislature and a specified contribution to Imperial expenditure from the Irish Exchequer. Considering also the over taxation of Ireland since the Union, and the effect of Imperial administration on future public charges in Ireland, it would be more than merely equitable if Ireland became responsible for her own financial affairs that she should be exempt from contribution to Imperial expenditure for a time, and that such contribution should afterward be limited according to the measure of the benefit derived from such expenditure by Ireland."

NOTICE.

The officers of Irish and Catholic societies will greatly oblige THE CITIZEN by sending in their reports of society and religious events not later than noon on Wednesdays.

JUDGE WRIGHT, having declared the Flag law of Illinois unconstitutional, the flag fools will have to look in some other direction for opportunities to persecute their fellow-citizens. Judge Wright dispenses justice in Champaign county and may be set down as a jolly good fellow, which nobody but a flag fool will deny.

SOME blooming idiots, presumably flag fools, tore down a Greek flag which was flung out by a patriotic Hellene in Aurora, Ill., to honor July 4, in unison with the Stars and Stripes. Naturally the Greek Consul is indignant, and is asking for explanations. The spirit of proscription and persecution manifested by so-called "Americans" in Aurora and elsewhere is becoming a public nuisance and ought to be suppressed somehow. Any citizen of foreign birth, who properly honors the American flag by giving it the premier place on days of celebration, has a perfect right to fly the flag of his native country beside it, if he so elects. Any native "American" who denies this right is a fool and a fanatic, a bigot and an ass.

ONE Burnham, said to be an American scout, is credited with having killed a Matabele native "God" on behalf of the English. Now we hope Burnham may run speedily across the Matabele devil, who will, no doubt, give him h—.

You Can't Buy Happiness, but if you are suffering from dyspepsia, scrofula, salt rheum, impure blood, you may be cured and made happy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

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Active, competent agents to sell "Parks Government Chart," for schools (on civil government), for every county in Illinois. Agents are making from $200 to $300 per month; teachers preferred. Address, P. H. CONEY & CO., Topeka, Kas.

"Irish-American Patriots in the Early Wars and Politics of Our Country," by Rev. Joseph A. Pompeney, D.D., is a booklet that will delight, instruct and refresh you. Send 10 cents in silver for it to THOMAS J. CASEY, Publisher, 1427 Oak street, Kansas City, Mo.

GRAPE AND CANISTER.

Fired From Judge Morrison's Argumentative Batteries On the Position Taken Up by Mr. John W. Enright.

The Judge Quotes Copiously From Democratic Orators and Newspapers in Condemnation of the Surrender to the Sugar Trust in Patching Up the Wilson Bill.

JUDGE MORRISON'S LETTER.

[To the Editor.]

In his last letter Mr. Enright says: "Now I do not undertake to defend the United States senate and its connection with the last tariff measure, and the 'sugar scandals.' That would be a task beyond the powers of my pen. Both parties, however, were mixed up in the sugar 'scandal.' One Republican senator came out boldly and acknowledged that he had dealt in sugar stocks while the bill was pending, and that he would do it again under similar circumstances." But Mr. Enright, in his zeal, forgets that the United States senate, as a whole, was not responsible for either the last tariff measure or the "sugar scandals." He must know that the Democrats had majorities in both houses, and that while "one Republican senator acknowledged that he had dealt in sugar stocks while the bill was pending," he was the only one, while the entire body of Democratic senators and representatives voted in favor of the present tariff measure, which passed the senate under the pressure of the infamous "sugar scandals," the defense of which, says Mr. Enright, "would be a task beyond my (his) pen." Oh, no, it will not do to blame the Republican minority which fought this product of "party perfidy and party dishonor" (as Mr. Cleveland calls it) at every stage, from first to last, against the Democratic majority, which defended the unclean thing, "sugar scandals" included, and finally passed it over the votes of the protesting Republican minority.

But why does Mr. Enright confine all his virtuous indignation to the senate? Why does he not reserve some of his denunciations for the Democratic majority in the house? He knows that the original Wilson bill was amended about six hundred times in the senate, and that it was during the time that these amendments were pending that the hideous "sugar scandals" were exposed, and further, that it was after said scandals were exposed and while Mr. Enright, no doubt, was lamenting the existence of the "sugar scandals," and the great Democratic organs, as I show below, were castigating the Democratic majority in the senate, I say it was in the presence of all these exposures that the Democratic house, by an overwhelming majority, after a debate of two or three days (think of it, two or three days to debate 600 amendments) passed the present tariff law, thus condoning the "sugar scandals," which are beyond the powers of Mr. Enright's very able and vigorous pen to defend. But after both Democratic houses had passed this bill, which was repudiated by its very parents, it went to the Democratic president who, in his letters to Messrs. Catchings and Wilson, exhausted all the adjectives in his ponderous vocabulary in denouncing it, refused to attach his official signature to it and then swallowed the entire infamy, perfidy, dishonor and all by allowing it to become a law by limitation of time without his signature.

But is not Mr. Enright personally responsible for these "sugar scandals" himself? Did he not vote for Mr. Cleveland, who permitted said product of "party perfidy and party dishonor" to become a law, when, by the exercise of the veto power (which he has used so industriously in defeating pension bills of poor soldiers and soldiers' widows), he could have consigned it to "innocuous desuetude?" But I beg to remind Mr. Enright that his opinion and mine are of very small account in this controversy. We are inquiring into the actions of parties, and while I am free to acknowledge that he is better, very much better, than his party, I insist that he is responsible for the "sugar scandals" of the party which he helped to put into power and which he now supports, although he ingenuously acknowledges he cannot defend it with all the powers of his pen. It is a rather hopeless task to defend the "sugar scandals," and the conduct of the Democratic president, congress and people in connection therewith, but Mr. Enright must not become discouraged, and lest he should lack authorities in his labor of love I subjoin a few and ask his opinion thereon. They are all good Democratic authorities and doubtless will be pleasant and instructive reading for him. I am very anxious to hear his opinion of them so that we can drop the malodor-subject and pass on to other parts of the great question.

In his letter to W. L. Wilson, who was so lavishly dined and wined by London merchants, Mr. Cleveland exclaims when writing about said bill: "How can we face the people after indulging in such outrageous discriminations and violations of principles? Under our party platform and in accordance with our declared party purposes, sugar is a legitimate and logical article of revenue taxation. Unfortunately, however, incidents have accompanied certain stages of the legislation which will be submitted to the conference that have aroused in connection with this subject a natural Democratic animosity to the methods and manipulations of trusts and combinations." As the scandalous facts which covered the Democratic party with disgrace may have escaped Mr. Enright's memory, I here present an extract from the New York World, which partially explains them:

"President Cleveland's letter would have been very much strengthened if he had named the trust whose 'machinations' and whose 'exhibition of power' filled him with 'astonishment.'

"It was the sugar trust which did this. Why did not the President say so?

"It is the sugar ring that has raised the issue which he defines—whether it 'shall submit to the free legislative will of the people's representatives, or shall dictate the laws which the people must obey.'

"It would have vastly strengthened the President's indictment if he had named the 'combination' and reminded the people that its 'machinations' have resulted in imposing upon them a needless tax of $70,000,000 a year on the commonest necessary of life, nearly $30,000,000 of which goes directly into the sugar trust's treasury.

"The president's proclamation has force but lacks point. It is like an armor-piercing shell fired butt end first."

I commend the following from a speech delivered by the eminent free trader, the Hon. Thomas Johnson, to Mr. Enright's careful attention. It is good reading for Democrats and others:

"Every man woman and child uses sugar. It is one of the prime necessaries of life. And there is not a housewife in the land who will not feel that she has been robbed by our 'Democratic tariff reform,' when she finds that where she got three pounds of sugar under the McKinley bill she now, under the Gorman bill, for the same money, gets but two. You and I, with our official incomes of $5,000 a year, may not feel this tax; Mr. Cleveland, with his official income of $50,000 a year, may not feel it; our colleagues of the Senate, especially those who may have bought sugar trust stock at the right time, may not feel it; but the great mass of the people by whose votes we are here—the great mass of the people who must count every penny of incomes not sufficient to enable them to live in half way decent comfort, they will feel it; they will feel it at once and feel it bitterly.

"And when they ask you what this tax is for what will you tell them? Will you quote to them Mr. Cleveland's letter to Mr. Wilson on the propriety of taxing sugar? Will you quote to them Mr. Carlisle's statement that the needs of the Treasury require the taxation of sugar? I know, and you know, and the people know—I was about to say that every dog that barks in the streets of the capital knows—that the real purpose of imposing this tax is not to give revenue to the government, but revenue to the boodlers. You cannot disguise it from the people, for the people know it already, that the purpose of this sugar tax is to put millions and millions in the pockets of the men who are already millionaires by robbing the people. They know that this tax on sugar has been bought through every step of its way—carried by such open, undisguised corruption as has never been flaunted in their faces before; they know that the sugar trust has purchased this privilege of taxing them, and that though the price it may have paid may be millions, it will receive back millions and millions before the Treasury gets one cent.

"Political decency, no less than political prudence, ought to prevent Democrats from trying it under the open charges that this bonus to the sugar trust at the expense of the people is in payment of heavy contributions made from the funds of the sugar trust to the Democratic National committee in the last Presidential campaign. And the attitude of Mr. Cleveland on the sugar tax, the attitude of Mr. Carlisle, the attitude of our own Ways and Means committee in reporting a tax on sugar, which we free trade Democrats only beat in this House by the aid of the Republicans, give a color to the charge, which the action now proposed will carry in the public mind to certainty, that is the way in which the Democratic party is paying the monster trust for election help.

"If we make this surrender we must go back to our constituents with the Gorman bill as the approved and indorsed Democratic bill—the answer which the Democratic party makes to the demands of the people; a bill reeking with notorious bargain and sale; a bill that the Republicans jeer at, that the Democratic press has universally denounced; a bill that the President himself has declared an exhibition of perfidy and dishonor; a bill that cannot possibly be defended, and that as certainly as election day comes in November, will be indignantly repudiated by the people."

Mr. Johnson's prophecy that the Democracy would be indignantly repudiated by the people was amply verified by the facts which changed a large Democratic majority in the House of Representatives into a Republican majority of about 150. "I am a Democrat," is the motto of Senator Hill, and yet he repudiates the Wilson-Gorman law in these vigorous phrases:

"This bill proposes a suicidal policy when it seeks by its extreme provisions to discard numerous reasonable tariff duties and thereby imperil many industries and create a deficiency in necessary revenues simply for the purpose of affording an opportunity or excuse for the substitution of an income tax. The substitution of internal or direct taxes for custom house taxation means the reduction of the wages of American workmen to the European standards. It means the degradation of American labor; it means the deprivation to our workmen of the comforts and luxuries of life to which they have been accustomed. Against such a scheme—unnecessary, ill timed and mischievous—suddenly sprung upon the country in the hour of its distress, un Democratic in its nature and socialistic in its tendencies—I enter the protest of the people of State of New York. They utterly dissent from any proposition to get revenue for the general government by taxing incomes. Their dissent is practically unanimous and altogether implacable."—Senator Hill, April 19.

"The Senate bill, the Gorman compromise bill, as it is now generally known in the press and throughout the country—I mean the bill in its present shape—is neither satisfactory to the Democratic party nor to the country. There is no mistaking public sentiment upon this point. We promised the people bread and we are giving them a stone. The provisions of the bill are not consistent; they violate well established Democratic principles; they are unfair in their discriminations. Numerous Senators around the Democratic side of this chamber must feel as though Democratic principles have been surrendered or bartered away to secure the triumph of this botched compromise measure, which is really acceptable to no one. This bill does not meet the public expectations, but at best is an empty and beggarly fulfillment of Democratic pledges. It does those things which it ought not to do, and leaves undone those things which it ought to do. This is not a Democratic bill, I am sure; it is not a distinctly Republican bill; it is not a Populist bill entire, but it is a mixture of all. It is a ragbag production; it is a crazy quilt combination; it is a splendid nothing. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I cannot and will not support this bill in its present shape."—Senator Hill, June 21.

And here is a volley of grape-shot from Democratic guns of every possible caliber, all raking fore and aft the law which every good Democrat, including Mr. Enright, now swears by:

"New York Times (Dem.): The party of tariff reform, after twenty years of waiting, comes into a plundered inheritance. It is lord of the fee, but the estate has been ravaged. And the robbers and ravagers are of its own number and joint heirs! The pride and joy of possession are changed to shame and wrath, but if the Democratic party would take vengeance on the spoilers it must strike down its own kin."

"Louisville Courier-Journal (Dem.): No party was ever placed in a more humiliating position than that visited upon the Democratic party in the lower house of congress. One thing alone is certain: Those who have betrayed it will pay dearly for their treason. One short year ago all the trumps were in our hands. Now we do not, as Hop Price, of blessed memory, used to say, 'hold a prominent card.'"

"Brooklyn Eagle, (Dem.): The Eagle thinks that President Cleveland should veto this measure, when it is sent to him, first, because it is not such a measure as should receive approval, and secondly, because he has said and proved that it is not. While this paper will charitably regard the hardships under which the house and the president have labored, we think the house has made one of those mistakes which presidents are elected to correct and prevent."

"New York Sun (Dem.): The house having thus surrendered and accepted the party dishonor that follows party perfidy, and having asserted its doubtful claim to the possession of the tariff bill and its right to pass the same and send it direct to the president, if Mr. Cleveland, in his turn, should take a hand in the perfidy and accept his share of the disbonor by signing the bill he has denounced, or by otherwise permitting it to become a law, on what issue will the Democracy go into the campaign soon to open for the control of the Fifty-fourth congress? God preserve the party that goes to the people with such a record of perfidy, such a confession of dishonor!"

"New York World (Dem.): Like the 'held-up' passengers in a helpless stage-coach, they yielded to the political highwaymen of the senate without pretending to make a virtue of the necessity."

"Boston Herald (Dem.): As we measure the matter, the house was 'bluffed' into throwing down its cards when it really held the better hand of the two. If it had coolly and courageously played its cards for all they were worth it might have won the game, or, at the lowest, have forced the senate to divide the stake."

"St. Paul Globe (Dem.): No Democrat can, and no citizen who loves his country should, read the check which the cause of liberty met with in Washington yesterday without a blush of shame mantling the cheek of the Democrat and a graver look finding expression in the face of the other."

"Cleveland Plaindealer (Dem.): The Democrats of the house of representatives, in agreeing to the tariff amendments offered by the senate, have triumphed over the the free trade fanaticism and vindicated genuine Democracy."

"St. Louis Post-Dispatch (Dem.) If wool, lumber, wheat, corn and all products of the Western and Central States are unprotected, while monopoly taxes are placed on iron, coal and sugar, how can the Democrats repel the charge that their party is bound to a compact between the Eastern plutocrat and the Southern brigadier?"

"New York Herald (Dem.): Under compulsion of the darkest and foulest conspiracy in the annals of any nation the house of representatives has passed the senate tariff bill."

Congressman Jos. C. Sibley (Dem.) of Pennsylvania, speaking in congress of the course of some who are called Democrats, said he was reminded of an incident that occurred some years ago up in Pennsylvania. An old deacon was very self-willed, and on two or three occasions had made endless trouble in church. After some years they got started again, but another row soon broke out. At last the church clerk got up and said, 'Brethren and sisters, I wish Deacon Jones was in hell.' The new pastor and the members were horrified, and the pastor said: 'Brother Smith, such a remark is unkind and unchristian. Why do you use such expressions about a brother?' 'Well, pastor,' he replied, 'I calculate if Deacon Jones was in hell about six months he would bust it up.' 'And so,' said Mr. Sibley, 'apply the moral. I cannot refrain from the wish that some of the Democratic brethren were in hell about six months, not that I have anything against the brethren, but I hate hell so bad that I think the time would be ample to work its destruction.'"

Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, was given a reception recently by the St. Paul Press club, at which were present all the leading Democratic lights of the city, among them Chairman Cutcheon, of the Democratic State Central committee, and P. H. Kelly, who, with Michael Doran, dispenses the federal patronage for this State. After the banquet Mr. Kelly, in a speech, said: 'I have known Mr. Watterson for twenty-five years, and have differed from him, but now we are practically agreed. Democracy is in hard lines; their fights formerly resulted like cat and dog fights—in an increase of Democrats—but there are no cats now, boys. Cleveland's second term ought to have come first, then it would also have been last.' Mr. Watterson was loudly called for, and delivered himself of this sentence: 'I have reached the height of Democratic philosophy, where I don't care a d— what happens so it doesn't hit me. I agree with Mr. Kelly, however, that Mr. Cleveland's second term should have come first.' Chairman Cutcheon declined to make a speech, saying that Mr. Kelly had expressed his sentiments."

I will now wait until Mr. Enright digests these Democratic opinions and gives us his candid opinion thereon. The worst of it all is that every denunciation hurled at the above infamous law has been more than justified by bitter experience. As I have already said it has emptied our treasury and filled that of England to overflowing. Verily and indeed it is a strange law for Irish-Americans to defend. I am anxious to hear from one of its defenders, Mr. Enright, and I hope he will not disappoint me.

A. L. MORRISON.

A VOICE FROM MARATHON.

The following lines from the pen of our national poet, Thomas Moore, are not included in any English edition of his works. We are indebted for the transcript of the poem now printed to the courtesy of a lady correspondent, who copied it many years ago from an edition of the poet's works printed in Paris in the earlier years of the century.

O for a voice as loud as that of Fame,
To breathe the word "Arise!"
From Pindus to Taygetus to proclaim—
Let every Greek arise!

Ye who have hearts to strike a single blow,
Hear my despairing cries!
Ye who have hands to immolate one foe,
Arise! arise! arise!

From the dim fields on Asphodel beneath,
Upborne by cloudy sighs
Of those who love their country still in death—
Even I—even I—arise!

These are not hands for earthly wringing—these!—
Blood should not blind these eyes!
Yet here I stand—untombed Miltiades—
Weeping—Arise! arise!

Hear ye the groans that shake this burial-field?
Old Græcia's savior-band
Cry from the dust, "Fight on, nor dare to yield;
Save ye our fatherland!

Blunt with your bosom the barbaric spear!
Break it within your breast!
Then come, brave Greek, and join your brothers here
In their immortal rest!

Shall modern Datis—swol'n with Syrian pride—
Cover the land with slaves?
Ay, let them cover it both far and wide—
Cover it with their *graves!*

Much has been done—but more remains to do—
Ye have fought long and well!
The trump that on the Ægean glory blew,
Seemed with a storm to swell!

Asia's grim tyrant shuddered at the sound;
He leaped upon his throne!
Murmured his horse-tailed chieftainry around,
"Another Marathon!"

Dodona, 'mid her fanes and forest hoar,
Heard it with solemn glee;
And old Parnassus, with a lofty roar,
Told it from sea to sea!

High-bosomed Greece, through her unnumbered vales,
Broke forth in glorious song!
Her classic streams, that plough the headlong dales,
Thundered the notes along!

But there's a bloodier wreath to gain, O friends!
Now rise, or ever fall!
If ye fight now no fiercer than the fiends
Better not fight at all!

The feverish war-drum mingles with the fife
In dismal symphony;
The Moslem strikes at liberty and life—
For both strike harder ye!

Hark! how Cithæron, with her earthquake voice,
Calls to the utmost shores!
While Pluto bars, against the riving noise,
His adamantine doors.

Athene, tiptoe on her crumbling dome,
Cries, "Youth, ye must be men!"
And echo shouts within her rocky tomb,
"Greeks, become Greeks again!"

The stone first brought his living tomb to close,
Pausanius' mother plied:
Matrons of Greece! will ye do less for foes
Than she did for her child?

Let boyhood strike! let every youth and age
Do each what each *can* do!
Let him whose arm is mighty as his rage
Strike deep, strike home, strike *through!*

Be wise, be firm, be cautious, but be bold!
Be brother-true, be one!
I teach but what the Phrygian taught of old,
DIVIDE, AND BE UNDONE!

Hallowed in life—in death itself is he
Who for his country dies;
A light, a star to all futurity,
Arise ye, then! arise!

O countrymen! O countrymen! once more,
By earth and seas and skies—
By Heaven, by sacred Hades—I implore
Arise! arise! arise!

—*Dublin Nation.*

STRANGE IRISH PEOPLE.

A general meeting of the Royal Irish academy was held recently, at the Academy house, Dawson street, Dublin. Dr. Ingram, F. T. C. D., presided.

Dr. Charles R. Browne read a paper on "The Ethnography of Ballycroy, County Mayo." The population of this district, he said, differed in origin, customs, and in many other ways, from the surrounding population, so much so that the people spoke of such and such a thing being done "as they do in Erris," showing that the people in that strange district were regarded as having different characteristics. The population was very sparse and the country desolate. It lay about eighteen miles south of Belmullet, and thirty north of Westport. There being no such thing as a village in the whole district, getting the people together in any considerable body to make comparative observations was very difficult. The men are, on the whole, good looking and robust; the women are not so good looking as those of northern Erris. The tallest man was 6 feet 1 inch, and the smallest 5 feet 3 inches. They were characterized by great squareness and breadth of build. The span of the outstretched arms averaged 110 inches, a most extraordinary span. The complexion was very dark. In no other district yet reported on had he found so large a percentage of dark hair and eyes. The percentage of people with dark hair and eyes was 57.71, a very large percentage for any population in Ireland. The eyes were deeply set, and the nose long and straight. This was one type. There was another type with oval face, sharp features, and hair fair or red. This type only formed a very small minority of the population. People had often asked him about the dwarfs to be met with in the districts in the West of Ireland, inhabited by the descendants of the dispossessed Ulster people. Ballycroy, if anywhere, should have these dwarfs. The people came from Donegal, according to their tradition, two and a half centuries ago. They had kept largely to themselves, so that the strain is practically a pure one. He found no man smaller than 5 feet 2 inches in height. The people were healthy. The population was 2,036, being twenty-four to the square mile, perhaps the most thinly populated district in Ireland. Consanguineous marriages are very common, due to the isolation of the district and the relation of the population with their neighbors. The neighbors do not regard the Ballycroy people in any particularly friendly light. During the last twenty years there had been 147 marriages, and fifty of these were consanguineous. The custom did not appear to have produced any of the degenerating effects ascribed to it. There were no centenarians now in the district, but there were three over ninety. Insanity is rare. He noted here, as elsewhere, that hernia appeared to be an accompaniment to relief works. In several places doctors had noticed cases of hernia, after relief works had been started, which they had not met with before. The people were proud. They were fond of music and dancing, and showed more signs of artistic taste than he had observed in any other part of the West of Ireland. Their moral character was exceedingly good; illegitimacy was a rare occurrence, and there was practically no crime in the district.

Dr. Browne showed a number of very interesting lantern slides, illustrating the customs of the inhabitants.

GAELIC POETRY.

Do'n Ghealaigh.

Leis an n-Gabhardonn.

A ghealaich, ins an oidhch' ag ionnradh,
Is deas lem' shúil do sholus sámh:
Oir rinne tú liom féin sior-chonnradh
Do sholus a thabhairt dam le dáimh;
Gach am badh mhian liom caint a dhéanadh,
Le grádh mo chroidhe faoi sgáil na g-crann;
Is fearr liom thú 'ná glóir na gréine,
Nuair táim le taoibh gan pháir na m-ban.

Is deise i 'nuair tá do sholus
Ag imirt ar a gnáis ro-mhin;—
Ochón! a ghealaich gheal nach follus
Gur fháilg sí me go dlidh 'na lion?
Is áil liom bheith le taoibh mo stóirin,
Faoi d'sholus chidin ameasg na d-tom,
No 'g súibhal go mall linn féin ar bhóithrin,
No lámh go mianmhar faoi n-a com.

Do thug mé grádh di 'nuair do bhi tá
Ag ionnradh geal mar táir amocht;
Ameasg na g-cranu, a's 'nuair do shuidh tá
Thuit brón mór dubh ar m'anam bhocht.
'Si mogal geal do shúil gan amhras,
Colseonad i go seosir, slán;
'Si féin an seoldin ar a labhrais,
'S laibheorad uirri-si amháin.

A ghealaich gheal, 's tú glóir na h-oidhcheadh!
'S is i mo ghrádh geal glóir do chroidhe!—
Gidh mór mo sgleo ni thréigfead choidhche
An cailin modhamail dá chaoi
Le brigh a sgéimhe me go siorruidhe;—
Ach! béidh me fíor gi fad táim beo;
Le taoibh mo stóir is mian liom d'iarraidh
Mo shuilt, mo shualmhneasa go deo.

—*Irish-American.*

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

His Death and Descendants.

A statement is going the rounds of the papers which raises a rather interesting question as to the direct descendants of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Irish patriot. In the London Globe recently the following paragraph appeared:

"Mrs. McCorquodale, whose death at the great age of 96 is announced, was the daughter of that Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was such a prominent figure in the Irish plots of the end of last century. Upon the mother's side she was the granddaughter of Madame de Genlis and Egalite Orleans, though it has only been of late years that the real parentage of Lord Edward's mysterious wife has been known. By the death of Mrs. McCorquodale a curious link with a very stirring page of history is snapped."

This appears to have been based upon a notice which appeared in the obituary columns of several papers, which is in these terms:

MCCORQUODALE—April 17, 1896, at Richmond, Surrey, aged 96 years, Helen, widow of Hugh McCorquodale, Esq., and daughter of the late Lord Edward FitzGerald, and Pamela, his wife.

It is obvious that this notice was inserted in complete good faith by the deceased lady's friends, but so far as can be ascertained from an examination of the evidence it seems impossible that Mrs. McCorquodale can have been a daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Not long after his marriage with Pamela, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, accompanied by his wife, came to Dublin to plunge into the movement which was to end with his tragic death. Dr. Madden, in his memoir, gives a most particular account of the family at the time of Lord Edward's death. "At the period of Lord Edward's death," he writes, "Lady Fitzgerald was in her 23d year. Her son, Edward Fox, born in 1791, was then only 4 years of age; Lord Edward's daughter, Pemela, born in 1795, was a child of 3 years, and his other daughter, Lucy, born in 1798, was about six months old." Having complained of the cruelty of Camden in decreeing the banishment of Lady Pamela, the author of "Lives of the United Irishmen," goes on to say, "The state of the mother rendered more precarious by her late anxieties on account of her husband's unhappy fate, entered not into the consideration of Lord Camden and his council, and they issued an order for Lady Edward Fitzgerald's banishment, which insisted on her departure in such lamentable circumstances as hers, with the charge of three young children to attend to."

Here it is clearly indicated that Lord Edward had three children, none of whom was named Helen, and the youngest of whom would have been, not 96, but 98, if she survived until now. In a note the author throws some light on the subsequent history of the three children. Lucy Louisa, the youngest daughter, he says, was married in 1825 to Capt. J. F. Lyon, R. N., and died in 1826. Pamela, we are informed, was married to Sir Guy Campbell in 1823. On referring to Burke's peerage, we find it stated that Lady Pamela Campbell died in November, 1861. The third child of Lord Edward—namely, his son, Edward Fox Fitzgerald, was captain in the Tenth Hussars, and afterwards in the Third Dragoons and Fifty-second Foot, and died on Jan. 25, 1863.

All three of Lord Edward's children have, therefore, been dead for over twenty years, and as there is no mention anywhere of a posthumous child, it seems impossible that Mrs. McCorquodale could have been the daughter of the Irish patriot and Pamela. She may, however, have been a daughter or descendant of Pamela herself, who, after Lord Edward's death, was married a second time to a Mr. Pitcairn, who was American Consul at Hamburg. One daughter is mentioned as the issue of this marriage, and she is stated to have been married to an American gentleman, and to have been residing in New York in 1855. The public will await with some interest further particulars of the claim put forward with respect to the lady whose death was announced. It seems clear, however, that the claim is not well founded.

Now that the death of Mrs. McCorquodale recalls the tragic death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the following document, which is not, as far as we know, published in any life of the patriot, may be of interest. It is the finding of the coroner's jury in the case of Lord Edward, and the wording, which is rather peculiar, is taken from an attested copy in the possession of Mr. James Collins, Drumcondra. Here is the finding of the jury:

"At an inquest holden in Newgate on the body of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who died on June 4, 1798. The following undersigned jurors gave as their opinion that the deceased, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, came by his death in consequence of an effusion of water in the left side of the thorax and an inflammation of the lungs of that side as appeared to us by the testimony of four eminent surgeons, by fever brought on by great anxiety of mind, aided by two wounds inflicted on the right arm by two pistol balls found lodged over the scapula of that side.

Ald. Charles Thorpe, Coroner; William Stamer, foreman; Foster Archer, John Allen, Richard Johnston, Dickinson, Samuel Dickson, Richard Allen Bates, John Maunders, Samuel Patterson, James Mages, Richard Supple, George Parkinson."—Freeman.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Teutonic arrived at New York, July 8, at 1 p. m.

The Majestic arrived at Queenstown, July 7, at 9 p. m.

The Cunard Line.

The Etruria arrived at New York July 4, at 11 a. m.

The Umbria arrived at Queenstown, July 4, at 9 a. m.

An Old Nurse for Children.

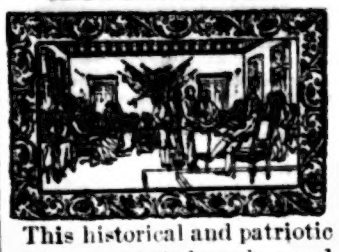
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

WALTER J. GIBBONS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
27 North Clark Street, Room 14.
Residence 225 Osgood Street.
TELEPHONE NORTH 53.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1862.

Dr. J. B. Walker.
OCULIST AND AURIST,
Residence, 247 Park Ave. Office, 78 State st.
Room 40, 11 to 4; Sunday, 12 to 2.
CHICAGO.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.



This historical and patriotic picture, mounted on glass and framed in a 2-inch shell frame, gold, or white and gold, frame 12x18 inches, will be sent Free to any reader of THE CITIZEN who sends in two new subscribers, paid in advance. This offer will last for a short time only.

GOLD VERSUS LOVE.

Shake out the lustrous silk;
Unfold the dainty hose;
Place a wreath in the gold of her hair
Just over her flowerlike face.

Fasten those gems on her arms
And these in her shell-like ears,
But heed not the mist o'er her eyes
Which is gemming their blue with tears.

Trail the soft bridal veil
Till it covers her tear wet eyes,
But forget the proud mouth's quiver
And her passion of stifled sighs.

For out of the starlit past
Into the gloaming of now,
From the dull rust of bygone years,
Come a face and a broken vow.

But love and a handsome face
Are just a dream of the past,
While money and title and land
Are the things that give one caste.

Then bring forth the tottering groom,
So wrinkled and bald and old,
But forget that the shrinking bride
Has bartered herself for gold.

Yes, bring forth the trembling groom
And forget the sweet, dead past,
For money and title and land
Are the things that give one caste.
—Womankind.

A THIRSTY LAND.

The register of the Mesa House at Blackwater showed but two signatures under the date of July 15—one was James P. Daly of Crystal Canyon, the other George Exwell of Boston. Both of these gentlemen were sitting outside enjoying the cool refuge which the shadow of the hotel afforded from the burning heat of the plain about them.

The western man pulled his big, shapeless hat low over his eyes and drew quick, short puffs from the little black brier pipe which he seldom removed from his lips. The easterner's hat was a broad one of stiff straw, which he tipped to the back of his head as he lighted a cigarette and watched with a growing sense of comfort the blue smoke curling and writhing on the still air.

The country was new to Exwell, and he half closed his eyes to catch once more the bronze tint which the noonday radiance lent to the sagebrush. The hills north of the town were miles away, but he could almost count the scrub cedars on the slopes, each one standing so grim and motionless with its blue shadow about its foot. He did not realize that he would have to travel until those shadows lay like long fingers to the east before he could reach the first rise in the land.

The hills on the horizon were faint and purple and seemed almost floating in the air. He could see a strip of sky beneath the ends of the range.

"How thirsty it all looks!" he muttered. "I don't wonder they want water out here."

George drew his matchbox from his pocket to relight his cigarette and finding it empty turned to Mr. Daly of Crystal Canyon.

"Pardon me," he said. "Have you a match?"

"Sure," said the westerner, producing some from his pocket. "Never travel without 'em." He handed one to George and watched him critically as he began to smoke again. "You're Mr. Exwell, aren't you?" he asked. "Of Boston?"

"Yes, that's my name."

"I thought so. I see your name on the hotel book just above where I branded it." George laughed, and Daly continued: "What you think of the country, Mr. Exwell? Ever been this way before?"

"No," said George. "It looks like a God forsaken country to me. I'm not accustomed to seeing water quarried and sold."

"God forsaken!" repeated Mr. Daly contemptuously. "That just shows what you fellers worship back east. All this country needs, sir, is capital, and 'twould discount Massachusetts the whole length of the string and beat her."

"I have heard that publicly stated," said George dryly.

"Now you take the valley just south of here," went on the other. "They call it the Taman prairies. Put that land under water and you can raise more peaches the first three years than was ever raised in all New England or ever will be."

"Yes," said George, "and it would take $150,000 and two years' time to do it."

"Oh," said Mr. Daly, "you're in the scheme, are you?"

"Not yet," said George, "but I've got a window open on the ground floor and I'm looking in."

Mr. Daly laughed. "I'll tell it to you straight," he said. "You'll have money to throw way in four years if you go in on the ground floor now."

"I can't wait," said George. "My new house in Dorchester is going to cost me $20,000."

"Well, I don't deal in Dorchester real estate," said Mr. Daly, "but if I did I'd sell out every foot of it and buy the first piece out of that irrigation company that I could find lying loose."

"It's not a matter of real estate dealing," said George, looking steadily off to the hills. "It's a home."

"I see," said Mr. Daly in an altered tone. "I've been there. I was married myself once up at Silver Bow, and I tell you sure the first thing we laid out for was a shanty." He took his pipe from his mouth and stirred the ashes carefully with a toothpick for some time before he spoke again.

Then he said: "You see, it's just like this, Mr. Exwell. When you float an irrigation outfit, first you're a big man because you boom up the country, and you get a bonus from the county, and a big grant of land and so forth; then you make your own little stake. You kind of hit it off both ways."

"Exactly," said George. "First you pose as a philanthropist for opening up so much new land; then you line your own pockets."

"Sure," said Mr. Daly. "I never could talk Boston myself. Well, I must hit the trail again. I've got 20 miles to do today yet," and he rose and stretched himself.

"Which way are you going?" asked George.

"Oh, I live up in Crystal Canyon," he replied, nodding toward the hills. "That's the outfit I'm traveling with," and he indicated a wiry little strawberry roan which seemed to be almost staggering under an enormous saddle with lariat on the pommel and blanket rolled behind. "I've been down to Henson's round up," he added. "We worked pretty near the whole of Butte county last week."

"So that's a real cattle pony, is it?" said George. "I've often heard of them."

"Cattle pony?" said the other. "Well, slightly. You can wheel him on a 50 cent piece. I'd show you if I had time." He mounted and rode up to where George was sitting.

"Well, goodby, Mr. Exwell," he said. "You'd better think that over again, about what we were speaking of. I think you'd find 'twould pay, after all," and he swung his quirt with a report like a pistol and went whirling down the street, leaving a cloud of fine white dust hanging in the air along his trail.

George laughed to himself as Mr. Daly rode away. "He's a queer specimen," he mused. "I was foolish to talk to him so freely. However, I shall probably never see him again. He has a long business head, though, and if all I wanted was to get rich I should take his advice."

The street was broad and perfectly straight, and George could look out to the horizon in either direction. "I like a street that's open at both ends," he thought, and tipped his chair back and watched the dust which marked Mr. Daly's path across the desert like smoke from a locomotive.

"As far as I can see," George's thoughts ran on, "it rests with me to float this scheme or not as I please, and even aside from the profits to me I should like to do it. I haven't a doubt it would be a great benefit to the inhabitants of this benighted land."

The plain before him glimmered dreamily in the heat. Mr Daly of Crystal Canyon had dwindled to a speck which George saw come to the top of a swale, waver for a second or two in the heat waves and fade out. A vision of the knoll overlooking the bend of the peaceful New England river rose to his mind, the spot where his new house was to stand. He thought of the two big oaks before the door and the beautiful pines on the point opposite. Then the front legs of his chair came to the ground with a decisive thud.

"No, sir!" he thought. "If watering this abandoned country means two years more of waiting before I settle down, the country can go dry. I can find plenty of investments which will pay quicker than that. We'll keep things moving by putting in the flumes. They look well and don't cost much. Then if the desert can't blossom, it can wait till it is ready to pay me for the use of my money."

A little barefooted girl came toward him, wading along the ditch and looking intently down at her little brown feet. George watched her as she approached, absorbed in her childish fancies. "A child of the desert," was his thought.

She was a slender little figure, the face, hands and little bare legs browned by the sun and warm winds in which she lived. She stopped when she came into the shade, and took off her sunbonnet to put into it some pebbles which she selected with care from the ditch. George noticed that her eyes were brown, clear and dark.

"I wonder," he thought with amused interest, "whether she selects them for color or shape or just the right combination of both?"

He took from his pocket a rounded bit of moss agate which he had picked up the day before and placing it on the palm of his hand held it before her as she would have passed him. She drew back quickly at this intrusion into her little world, glanced up shyly at George an instant, then backed off a step or two.

"How do you like that one?" he inquired gravely.

She stopped and looked up at him again, searchingly this time at his face and outstretched hand. It was the critical moment, but George did not smile; he extended the pebble toward her. She looked at it a moment, then held up a tiny palm on which George laid the agate. She examined it carefully.

"Do you think it is pretty?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, looking up at him with a little quick smile, then down again. The battle was won.

"Would it go well with the others?" asked George.

She sat down on the grassy bank of the irrigation ditch and ranged her treasures before him. He moved his chair back and leaned forward with his forearms resting on his knees. There were only five, and she laid the agate first beside one, then another.

"It goes beside this one," she announced finally, laying it beside a bit of dark feldspar.

"Should you like to keep it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "May I?"

"Why, yes," said George. "I think I could spare it."

"I never found one like this on our ranch," she said, turning it over and over on her palm and bending the little brown head over it.

"Where is your ranch?" queried George.

"Over in the Taman prairies," she replied, nodding toward the south. George knew the place. He had been down there the day before to see how the land lay for water.

"Do you like to live there?" he asked.

"No," she replied, dropping her pebbles one by one into her sunbonnet; "but it will be better when we get the ranch under water."

George thought of the gray, gray land he had ridden across the day before. "And when will that be?" he asked.

"They began to build the flumes last summer," she replied. "Then they stopped, but I think they're going to begin again this summer."

"But what if they don't?" he suggested.

"Then there won't be any water," she said.

"What would happen then?" he pursued.

"I don't know," she answered, curling the bare feet under the little gingham skirt which she pulled down over them. "We couldn't stay any longer and father says he doesn't see how we could get away."

"Why did you go there in the first place?" George went on.

"Because they told us," she replied earnestly, "that we should have water in a year, and it has been a year and a half already, and father says they can't get the water on now before another year unless they put 200 men at work right off. You see, they've got to build a great big dam way up in the top of Brush Creek canyon, and flumes way out round the hill and lots and lots of ditches."

George leaned back in his chair, but did not smile. "How is it you know all about it?" he asked her.

"Father talks about it," she said, "when mother wants him to go away."

"I suppose your father is in town today?" he continued.

"Oh, yes," she replied, looking around over her shoulder. "He told me not to go out of sight of the team. That's our team there," she went on pointing at a pair of tired looking horses and a ranch wagon hitched in front of a store. "They're Buck and Spotty. Buck's on the off side, and I like him best 'cause he wrinkles his nose just as funny when you give him apple cores."

Her smile brought no response from George. He was thinking of the knoll overlooking the river and the two big oaks. She gathered up her pebbles again.

"But you must have some water," said George suddenly.

"Yes," she said, "we have a well, but it's not very good, and it gets awfully low sometimes." She looked up at him again. "Do you like to hear about the water?" she asked. George fairly blushed when he realized how he had been cross questioning her.

"There's father now!" she exclaimed before he replied. A tall, broad shouldered man in the regulation blue overalls and gray hat of the region was putting some parcels into the wagon behind Buck and Spotty.

The child arose. "I shall keep this," she said, "to remember you by, and you may have this"—she gave him a pebble from her sunbonnet—"to remember me by. Do you live here?"

"No," said George, carefully putting the pebble in his pocket. "I live in the east."

"In a grass country?" she asked longingly.

"In a grass country," George assured her.

"I wish we did," she said, and George did not reply.

"Are you going back soon?" she went on.

"I think I shall," he said, "very soon. Will you come with me?"

"I don't think father would let me," she replied.

"Probably not," said George. "But I think both of us would enjoy the trip."

She held out her hand. "Goodby," she said, with a little smile.

"Goodby," said George, rising and shaking hands with her very gravely. "I hope you'll get your water soon." He sat very still and watched the wagon far out across the plain; then he rose and went into the hotel office.

He sat for some time with a blank sheet of paper before him, examining over and over again a little water worn granite pebble which he took from his pocket.

"Irrigation wins," he said to himself at last. "The child of the desert has done well by her country." He drew the paper toward him and wrote:

Messrs. Dartell and Wan Sheff:

GENTLEMEN—I am sorry to inform you that I shall not need, this year at least, the plans for a suburban residence which I asked you to prepare for me. Please accept my apologies for troubling you unnecessarily. Very truly yours, GEORGE EXWELL.

Then a laconic telegram to his agent in Chicago:

Send 200 men and tools for grading and blasting at once. EXWELL.

—Robert Palfrey Utter in Youth's Companion.

Embarrassing.

The average society young man is not as familiar with the geography of his country as he is with the rules of etiquette, as evidenced by the dilemma in which several of them found themselves the other night at a euchre party.

The hostess, a charming young lady of the upper part of the Garden district, had written the names of a dozen states on as many cards, and their capitals on a dozen others. The first were to be drawn by the girls, the latter by the boys, and the partners were to be selected in that manner. No one knew of the scheme, and when a young man drew a card with "Montpelier" on it, not being familiar with the capital of Vermont, he nudged a fellow victim and asked what it meant.

"Swear I don't know," whispered his companion, "but I think it is a new brand of sausage."

"What have you?" said the first young man.

"I have 'Concord' on mine," said the second, who was as unfamiliar with New Hampshire's capital as he was with the inscription on the Cleopatra needle. "I have a cinch on mine," said he, "it's the name of a new warship belonging to the United States."

Happily for both and several others who were present, including a newspaper man, all the cards were numbered, corresponding to the numbers of the tables, and the young men, after finding their tables, sat down and during the progress of the game learned that their cards represented state capitals.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

EYELESS ANIMALS.

EFFECT OF CONTINUOUS DARKNESS ON THE OPTIC ORGANS.

Instances Cited by a Scientist Who Has Made Special Investigations of the Subject—All Creatures Can Tell the Difference Between Day and Night.

One of the immutable laws of nature declares that animals which are placed in new surroundings not fatal to life undergo certain changes and modifications in their anatomical and physiological structures to meet the exigencies demanded by such a modification of surroundings. Thus, the flounder and his congeners, the turbot, the plaice, the sole, etc., were, centuries and centuries ago, two sided fishes, swimming upright, after the manner of the perch, the bass and the salmon, with eyes arranged one on each side of the head. From upright fishes, swimming probably close to the surface of the sea, they became dwellers on its bottom, and in order to hide themselves more effectually from their enemies or their prey they acquired the habit of swimming with one side next to the ground and of partially or wholly burying themselves in the mud, always, however, with one side down. They thus became flat fishes, losing the coloring of their under surfaces, and their eyes migrating across their foreheads and taking up positions on the upper surfaces of their heads.

Again, when animals are placed among surroundings in which there is no need for some special organ, this organ degenerates and passes wholly or partially into a rudimentary condition or entirely out of existence. These latter effects of changed conditions on animals are especially noticeable in the effect of continuous darkness on the organs of sight of those creatures which, owing to said mutilations, have been compelled to dwell in darkness for untold ages.

The mole, far back in the past, had eyes and gained its livelihood above ground in the broad light of day. But owing to some change in its surroundings it was forced to burrow beneath the surface of the earth. Consequently its organs of sight have degenerated and are now practically worthless so far as vision is concerned. All moles, however, can tell darkness from light, consequently are not totally blind—a certain amount of sight yet remains. This is due to the fact that, although the optic or sight serve, on examination, is invariably found to be atrophied or wasted, there yet remain in the shriveled nerve cord true nerve cells. These nerve cells transmit light impression to the brain. Even if the optic nerves, and, in fact, all of the structures of the eyes, were absent I yet believe that the mole could differentiate between daylight and darkness. The sensitive nerve tufts and filaments of the skin undoubtedly in certain instances respond to the stimulation of light, so that totally blind animals, animals with no rudimentary organs of vision whatsoever and the inception of whose ancestors probably took place thousands of years ago, show by their actions that light is exceedingly unpleasant to them. Thus I have seen actinophryas, minute, microscopic animalcules, taken from the river Styx in Mammoth cave, which is their habitat, seeking to hide themselves behind a grain of sand that happened to be drawn up in the pipette and dropped upon the glass slide beneath the object glass of my microscope.

I have repeatedly seen the blind fish of Mammoth cave seeking out the darkest spots in aquaria. In point of fact, I think that it can be demonstrated that light is directly fatal to these fishes. They soon die when taken from the river and placed in aquaria which are supplied with an abundance of light. These fish, although they have rudimentary eyes, never have the slightest remaining trace of nerve cells in the wasted optic nerve—that is, I have been unable to discover any—thus showing that their appreciation of light is not derived through the agency of their eyes. An eyeless spider taken from the same cavern showed a like distaste for light, and yet in this insect there is absolutely no vestige of an eye or its nerves.

Finally, a friend of mine, a youth of 18, totally blind since birth, can differentiate between daylight and darkness. On one occasion I carefully blindfolded him and led him into the well lighted office of a brewery—he had never been in a brewery before—and asked him if it were light or dark? He answered that it was almost as light as day. I then conducted him into the dark beer vaults, and as soon as he passed the door he exclaimed: "How cold and dark it is in here!" Thinking that he might possibly associate darkness with coldness, I asked him if this were the case. "No," he replied, "I see the darkness and I feel the cold. They are not the same."

In these animals—and I include man—continuous darkness has modified sensibility (sense of touch) to such an extent that it has partially taken on the functions of the useless organs—the eyes; these creatures see with their skins.

I do not believe that there is a creature in existence today, whether it has eyes or not, which cannot tell the difference between night and day.—Popular Science News.

A Royal Proposal.

Russians are fond of telling the story of the answer given to the emperor when his majesty proposed to his future wife. "The emperor, my father, has commanded me to make you the offer of my hand and heart," was the czarowitz's quaint way of putting it. "And my grandmother, the queen," replied the lady, "has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand; your heart I will take myself." It is said, and on good authority, that the emperor is passionately devoted to his wife, and that she is equally fond of him.

LIFE IN EASTERN BENGAL.

Conditions Which Render the Profuse Use of Opium a Necessity.

In 1857 it occurred to Dr. Palmer at Ghazipur to treat malarial fever with anarcotine derived from crude opium instead of with quinine. He was remarkably successful, and the drug is now in common use as an antiperiodic. But the characteristic of Indian opium is the preponderance in it of precisely this element. Can we, then, infer that opium is a prophylactic against malarial fever? To a certain extent we can, for statistics show that those who take daily 45 grains and upward of opium take enough anarcotine thereby to protect them absolutely against malarial poison, while any one taking over 16 grains will be more or less fortified. It may be mentioned, also, that the morphine element contributes its share as a prophylactic. In the light of these facts, it is interesting to note that in many districts opium consumption bears a close relation to the greater or less prevalence of malaria.

In Assam, for example, in the damp and low lying country on both banks of the Brahmaputra, the average annual consumption per head is 357 grains, the average for the whole province being 141, and in the Bhagalpur district of the Patna division the most malarious part has 42 per cent of the opium shops of the district for only 27 per cent of the population. One of the medical witnesses gave the following lively description of the conditions of life in eastern Bengal: "When a man wants to build a house, he first of all digs a tank, and with the earth from which he has dug the tank he raises a mound, and on the top of that mound he places his house.

"The elevation of that mound depends entirely upon the height to which the annual floods rise. The floods rise with fair regularity, but sometimes they go two or three inches higher than the average, and then the inhabitants of those houses have to live on rafts inside their houses, and their cattle are tethered up to their bellies in water. These people have generally no boats. They paddle about on rafts made of the plantain tree, and the boys go to school in what I call wash hand basins. They are earthen gumlas—earthenware pots. The boy sits at the bottom of the gumla and paddles to school." These poor people are often five miles from their nearest neighbor, and some 2,000,000 of them are dependent for qualified medical aid on a single European doctor with one assistant. What wonder that opium is their household remedy, and that when a man, disabled by malarial fever, finds that a dose of a quarter or half a grain of pure opium makes him a new man, and enables him to do the day's work without which his family would starve he takes it.—Chambers' Journal.

Scared by a Locomotive.

The Rev. A. S. Steele, editor of The Epworth Era, describes how, when 9 years old, he was scared nearly out of his wits by the sight of a locomotive. It was in the days when railroads were few, and the boy had never seen a train of cars.

I first saw the cars at the place where the L. and N. railroad crosses Hatchie river, a little west of Brownsville. We went there to take the train for Memphis. I was repeatedly assured by my parents that there was no danger at all, but their assurances only partly allayed my juvenile apprehensions.

We did not have long to wait. The engine whistled some time before it came into sight, and that whistle set my nerves on edge. I clung to my father, and when the monster appeared over the top of the grade I buried my face in his coat and screamed, in spite of his efforts to quiet me.

Just as the engine came opposite us the steam began to escape with a horrible splattering noise. This was more than I could stand. I broke from my father and started for the woods.

A big pile of lumber was near by. I dived under that, clawing and squeezing up under the planks like a frightened rabbit. My father caught me by the heel and pulled me out.

Then, seizing me by main force, he carried me to the train, while I kicked and screamed like a savage, to the infinite amusement of the passengers. It took my father and mother and the conductor to get me aboard and push me into a seat.

My, my, how I struggled and kicked and scratched and fought and screamed! Do you suppose I wanted to be murdered straight out? I became quiet by and by, but I still dodged every time we passed a telegraph pole.

Tattooing by the Maori Race.

Major General Robley is the author of a singularly curious book, "Moko; or, Maori Tattooing." The New Zealand war of 1864-6, in which the author served, gave him this opportunity of studying on the spot that now almost extinct art. The expression, a well chiseled face, meant one thing to a Christian sculptor and another to a Maori decorator. The work contains more than 150 illustrations of designs and tattooed heads. There is no denying the fact that the Maoris could appreciate the beauty of lines and curves. One witnessing the really striking examples of their architectural ornamentation exhibited in South Kensington cannot but regret that they did not work less upon the human skin and more upon some other material. In General Robley's book, which is to be a 2 guinea quarto, beautifully printed, the history of the art is sketched and the various processes explained. The second section of the book deals with preserved heads, many of which, dating from 1770, are kept in European museums. It seems there are few, if any, such heads later than 1831, "when the traffic in Maori heads ceased." An illustration entitled "Preserved Heads of Maori Warriors Arrayed In Robes and Displayed by Their Conquerors" is singularly lifelike. It betrays at least a rudimentary sense of statuesque drapery.—London News.

Special Crazes.

Princess Maud of Wales is said to have an extensive museum of tusks of elephants shot by her father and uncles, teeth of walruses, seals, sharks, lions and alligators, and of wild boars shot and sent by the late czar of Russia. An enterprising native of Pottsville, Pa., possesses, among other relics of his grandfather, the scalp of the deceased, which he keeps in an envelope among his household gods. Minnie Palmer, the actress, is said to have a perfect frenzy for collecting stockings, of which she has several trunks full. Another collector makes a specialty of shoes, and his array of footgear, ancient and modern, represents types of past and present use in many countries, and is probably unique.

The crazy king of Bavaria had, among other manias, one for collecting hats. Louis XVI is well known to have been an enthusiastic collector of locks, keys and old clocks. A clock which was actually made by him came into the possession of one of the Rothschilds about three years ago, the price paid for it being, it is stated, no less than £33,600. Princess Marie of Roumania, wife of the crown prince, collects perfumery bottles, a fad in which she resembles her grandmother, the late empress of Russia, who left a beautiful assortment of these articles valued at something like £5,000. An English lady has collected buttons for over 20 years and now possesses over 8,000 varieties, a fact which suggests a quotation from Peter Pindar:

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches.
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish
That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish.

A Canadian gentleman has made a collection of the buttons of officers of every regiment and department of the British army, upon which he has spent nine years of labor and expense.—Temple Bar.

British Subjects Beyond the Essequibo.

Any study of Guiana must be from the delta of the Orinoco or along the many streams that interlace the country. The reason is obvious. The country is almost as unknown as many regions in the heart of Africa. There are no means of communication except the rivers, with here and there a few mule paths extending from the right bank of the lower Orinoco to the mining camps of the interior. In all this vast territory I doubt if there are more than 20,000 inhabitants. Nine-tenths of these are wandering tribes of uncivilized Indians, who respect neither law nor government. One man I met who was familiar with the district said that not over 6,000 people live in the delta north and east of the Essequibo up as far as Ciudad Bolivar, but in the English statement of the case reference is made to 40,000 British subjects. The vast majority of the inhabitants are Indians and half breeds, who never heard of England. A friend of mine met Sargent Barnes on board a steamer, and Barnes told him that the one English family he personally know of in his territory was an Englishman and his native wife and half breed children. This population, moreover, is a floating one. A native house does not mean much work. When the boundary line is drawn, if the "40,000 British subjects" do not like it they can put themselves and their goods into a few canoes and move.—W. Nephew King in Century.

Gas Transmission.

The transmission or conveyance of gas under pressure to long distances, which was an unsolved problem some 20 years ago, is now a fixed fact represented by the present use of about 75,000,000 feet of pipe used in the distribution of natural gas. On the first discovery of this article the pressure at the wells was sufficient to drive it through the pipes almost as far as desired; but, this pressure declining, some additional methods were necessitated, the well known air compressor being resorted to to pump the gas, and, as showing its efficiency, there are at Greenland, in Indiana, gas wells which have long carried supplies to Chicago. There are two 8 inch pipe lines used, the gas being pumped a distance of about 116 miles. There is at Redky, Ind., a pumping station of this character that supplies the towns of Springfield, Tiffin, Lima, Dayton, Piqua and other places in the western part of Ohio. Near Pittsburg there is a gas plant which pumps 20,000,000 cubic feet every 24 hours for use in mills, the pumping of this being without the least difficulty, and the Philadelphia company pumps many million cubic feet a day. There are New England air compressors that are pumping every day at various stations in the United States the enormous quantity of nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet every 24 hours.—New York Sun.

Adirondack.

The word "Adirondack" comes to us from the language of the Mohawks. With them it was Ha-de-ron-dack and meant wood eaters. This term was applied in derision to a few members of a once powerful branch of the Algonquins, who were defeated by the Iroquois and forced to seek refuge in a fastness of the mountains. They were in great distress, and it is said they sent messengers to their victors asking them to make no further war upon them, as they were reduced to the necessity of eating roots and the bark of trees. A few of them finally escaped to the north, and others were captured and held in slavery by the Mohawks.—Utica Observer.

Insect Bites.

The London Lancet remarks: "Many people do not know how easily they can protect themselves and their children against the bites of gnats and other insects. Weak carbolic acid sponged on the skin and hair, and in some cases clothing, will drive away the whole tribe. We have no doubt that horses and cattle could be protected in the same way from flies, which sometimes nearly madden them."

RESTING POSTURES.

The Different Attitudes That Are Assumed by Different Peoples.

For us Europeans the attitude of repose is sitting or lying down, and we are apt to believe that there can be no others. Nevertheless numerous races rest with crossed legs like our tailors, others kneel, and still others crouch down. So far as we know, no work has been written on this subject. Nevertheless it is important to understand these different attitudes and to see under what influences they vary. We may thus avoid the error of representing savages seated or lying down like Europeans—an error that was committed in an anthropologic exhibtion at Prague where plaster models of Hottentots and Zulus were shown seated in postures that real Hottentots never assume. Photographs of these impossible groups were sent to numerous anthropological societies. Primitive savages crouch down while their women kneel. The crouching posture, fatigning for us, is so natural to them that they can sleep in that position. The low caste Hindoos sleep thus, and in the Trocadero museum an ancient terra cotta figure shows a crouching Peruvian with closed eyes and head inclined. A certain degree of civilization brings the position with legs crossed as with our tailors, with many variants, and a higher civilization causes the chair to be adopted. But at first the sitter does not place himself squarely, with both legs hanging. He raises one and keeps it on the seat.

Thus the classic attitude of the negro is the crouching one, and that of the negress the kneeling. As for their children, they generally kneel like their mothers, but rarely crouch. Exceptionally, negroes can be seen sitting cross legged. But the fetich worshiping negro, far from contact with the white, crouches, though in divers fashions. In different places (Guinea, Kongo, sources of the Nile) they make use of supports 20 to 30 centimeters (7 to 11 inches) high, cut from a piece of wood and of variable form, according to the country. Sometimes (in Guinea) it is a round stick supported by a single massive central foot or by three and even four feet. At other times (on the Kongo) it is a square whose sides, raised at right and left, are upborne by four cylindrical legs.

In the upper Nile regions (Dinkas and Nouers) the seats have four feet, those of the lake regions have three; others, lower, have only two large ones on the sides. The seats of chiefs are higher and have supports carved to represent human figures. But in certain localities, in more direct contact with Europeans, the chiefs sit on chairs, generally of European make. The Polynesians have a very different posture of repose. They do not crouch, but sit with crossed legs. The same custom exists in all the Polynesian islands, Hawaii, New Zealand, etc.

Let us now examine the white races Europe and America who sit when they rest. The crosslegged attitude exists no longer except among tailors. Crouching causes fatigue and is resorted to only when it is desired to pick up or gather something. Even when the white man finds no seat he sits on the ground with legs outstretched or half bent, as is shown very frequently in photographs of Russian or Roumanian peasants. We should note, however, among the women great facility in kneeling at work, as when they are washing linen.

The Semites have a custom opposed to ours; they make no use of chairs. In Mussulman countries the most customary position is that called Turkish, with crossed legs like our tailors. Sometimes we may see Arabs resting with their backs against a wall, the legs half bent, in an attitude which is not crouching, but which approaches it. In Turkey and Persia the favorite position is that of kneeling. In the Persian salons the invited guests who know the correct thing place themselves on their knees against the wall. The tailor attitude, which both men and women assume, is regarded as uncivil. Chairs are little used, even among the rich; when they are employed one leg is placed on the seat, Turkish fashion, while the other hangs down; or, yet again, with one hand they hold one foot, as is done in the far east. Crouching is exceptional. In Egypt the fellahs retain the four postures of their ancestors, the kneeling, the sitting, the crosslegged and the sitting upon the ground with legs joined. All four date from the eighteenth dynasty.—Revue Encyclopedique.

Some Idioms.

A writer in The Chautauquan says that many "Cracker" idioms of the south are simply obsolete English idioms. "Fielding, for instance," he says, "makes a very near approach to the crackerism 'He allowed he'd do it' in such a passage as this: 'The audience allowed I did your part justice;' and when Burke complains that 'England is disfurnished of its forces' he is using almost the exact phraseology of my Cracker neighbor, who has come to borrow a peck of meal and politely hopes that I am not 'disfurnishing' myself for his accommodation. Ill is still occasionally heard, even among the better class of rustics, in the piny woods of Georgia and Alabama in its Shakespearean sense of dangerous or wicked, as 'The copper head is an ill snake,' or 'Johnny is very ill,' that is, naughty, 'boy this morning.' I am told by a friend from Kentucky that the same usage, though rare, is not unknown among the same class in that state. To 'favor,' meaning to resemble, as 'He favors his father,' was good English in the days of Addison and Shakespeare, and its derivative, ill favored, is still current."

Butter Test.

To detect oleomargarine from genuine butter a small portion of each is melted in proper receptacles, in which common cotton wicks are inserted and lighted. These will burn freely. The odor of the smoke arising from the oleomargarine is repulsive and nauseating, while that from the butter is faint and inoffensive.

MR. DEPEW'S PRIVATE CAR.

No Frills Outside and No End of Comfort and Elegance In the Interior.

A glance into Chauncey M. Depew's private traveling car shows that the railroad magnate lives in comfort and elegance while on the road. Something like $40,000 was expended in making this palace on wheels one of the best specimens of the car builder's art possible. Mr. Depew takes his annual tour over the railroad systems of the country in this car, and recently he traveled about 10,000 miles, going twice across the continent, and when the car was turned over to the inspectors at the end of the journey for an overhauling not a nut or screw was found loose or out of order, and all that was necessary to prepare the car for another journey was to sweep and dust it.

Mr. Depew is not a great lover of glitter and tinsel, and hence the exterior of his car is not particularly attractive. When he travels, he doesn't care to have the people of wayside stations where he may chance to stop flocking about and staring in at the windows to see what great man has come to town, and so the exterior of the car presents about the same appearance as other palace cars of the Wagner company. One has to explore the interior to find luxury, comfort and elegance.

The car is 74 feet long, and is fitted with Westinghouse airbrakes, a whistle signal service to the engineer, steam heat and an instrument which records the speed of the car. The indicator has often registered 85 miles an hour.

At the rear of the car is the observatory section. It is a small room, luxuriously upholstered and furnished with easy chairs done in heavy plush. Large windows on the sides and rear give a complete view of the passing scenery. Next in order come the staterooms. These, in reality, are bedrooms, they are so large and commodious. They are three in number and contain full sized beds. Mr. Depew never sleeps in a berth when traveling, and the room he occupies would almost swallow two of the cubby holes called rooms in some New York flats. Each room is supplied with hot and cold water and electric call bells. The draperies and decorations are fit for a Fifth avenue house.

A narrow hallway runs along the front of these bedrooms and leads to the main saloon. This is also the dining room. It is about 15 feet long and the width of the car. The woodwork is solid mahogany throughout. An immense French plate pier glass at the end of the saloon gives the compartment the appearance of being much larger than it really is. The windows are double to keep out the dust. In one corner, by the great mirror, is a secretary, supplied with stationery and telegraph blanks, and above it is a compartment for books. This holds railroad manuals, reports of the interstate commerce and the state railroad commissions, and other books of that character for the convenience of Mr. Depew. The windows are hung with heavy silk curtains, and the easy chairs are of plush and velvet. Around the center table from four to six persons may dine in comfort.

Next to the main saloon is a small section room with berths for use in emergencies, and then comes the porter's room, which is as well furnished almost as a stateroom in the average sleeping car. Beyond are the kitchen and pantry, where Mr. Depew's own cook prepares all his meals while traveling. The kitchen is supplied with all the appurtenances necessary to a model kitchen. —New York Sun.

A Russian Blizzard.

The hurricane blasts battered us, the icy cold benumbed us, ill clad, ill shod, fasting, altogether unprepared for such a storm. The sharp, fiercely driven snow points pained and almost blinded us, the prolonged trudge exhausted us, worn out by toil, constantly falling into drifts from which we each time rose with increasing difficulty. The frequent stoppages when, in pitch darkness, we attempted with frozen hands to adjust the harness still more benumbed us. Then, again, the poor Russian peasants with us kept loudly bemoaning their fate, saying we should all be dead before morning. They would try to lag behind, and wanted to give in, lie down and pray.

We English, while equally knowing that it was an occasion for prayer, thought we should be more worthy of having our prayers answered if we used for our preservation such powers, mental and physical, as had been granted to us. There may, indeed, have been moments when the evil temptation also came to some of us to abandon the struggle; and here I must admit that the one among us who by his cheeriness, calm courage, aid to the falling and fertility of resource most inspired us with hope when we began to despond, and to whose guidance we mainly owed our lives, had a large admixture of Polish blood in his veins. Even he, however, admitted, when we were safe, that his only hope throughout had been that we were by chance going in the right direction.

The constant hand to hand struggles with our horses, which literally cowered before the blasts, endeavoring to avoid them by turning round, probably were beneficial, as tending to keep up our circulation.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Pullman Car Names.

George M. Pullman denies the pretty fairy story about his daughter, who was said to give names to all the Pullman palace cars and draw a salary of $10,000 therefor. To a Pittsburg reporter he said the other day: "My daughter never named a car that I know of, and most certainly did not draw the $10,000 salary. I have named several cars, but was never paid for my services. The cars are named in the office. It was a pretty story lacking only the little feature of truth." Mr. Pullman's own private car has been his traveling home for 20 years, and every president since Lincoln has ridden in it.

The Corpulent Hamlet.

Few passages have caused more comment than the words of the queen in the fencing scene that Hamlet is "fat and scant of breath." For this Mr. Tree proposes to read "faint and scant of breath." Mr Tree is not the first to make the suggestion. It originated with Mr H. Wyeth of Winchester, who proposed it to Dr. Ingleby, who in turn communicated it as a fine reading to Mr. Aldis Wright, who, on March 9, 1867, gave it publicity in Notes and Queries. The supposition was held on the authority of Roberts, the player, that Lowin, who was known to have acted Falstaff and King Henry VIII and might consequently have been supposed to be inclined to corpulence, was the original Hamlet. In this case the use of the word "fat" would be justified and explained.

More recent evidence shows, however, the extreme probability that Burbadge was the first Hamlet. Burbadge himself was also stout, and might thus have justified the employment of the word. Mr. Sydney Lee, in "Dictionary of National Biography," favors the notion that "faint" should be read for "fat." Plahwe, in his "Hamlet, Prinz von Dannemark," would substitute "hot," and quotes an earlier line of the King speaking of having a chalice prepared for the combatants when they are "hot and dry." To all this I only answer that "fat" is the reading of all the folios and quartos. The safe and sensible rule at length adopted in Shakespearean criticism is that when a sentence has a distinct and conceivable meaning it is not to be disturbed by conjecture. "Fat" is intelligible enough, and must be left as it stands. It is, moreover, I venture to think, the very word that Shakespeare intentionally used, and is better and more appropriate than all suggested substitutes.—Gentleman's Magazine.

How a Shawl Was Smoothed Out.

A brown faced, black eyed Bedouin matron, in a long, loose robe of blue linen, came forward to greet us, and in her lap were a heap of cucumbers, onions and melons. Like Abigail, she brought gifts. She was the wife of Ali Dial, a woman 35 or 40 years of age, clean, genial and "wiselike." She stroked my wife's chin several times and kissed her repeatedly. She was unveiled and spoke freely to myself. Apologizing for her husband's absence, she gave us an invitation to a feast that same evening. We begged to be allowed to postpone it till tomorrow. "We are Nazarenes," I said, "and this is the day of our Lord." I cannot tell whether she understood, but she smiled prettily and granted our request. She would send messengers for us at the proper hour. And so she mounted her ass and rode away. The honest freedom of this woman was very singular in that Moslem world, but it was not the only proof we found among the Bedouins of how much the laws of Mohammed have spoiled the old Arabian manners.

When she had gone, a difficulty arose. We had not expected to be entertained by Arabs and had brought no gifts with us. We could afterward send a robe from Jerusalem to the young chief, but we had no present for our hostess. My wife had brought a good new shawl from London, but it was creased and furrowed. What was to be done? We remembered Yusuf. He had been engaged as a cook, but his great weight—a good 16 stone—suggested a mangle. We explained our plan, pointed out that it was compatible with the smoking of unlimited cigarettes, and he joyfully agreed. Next day, while we were off on an expedition, he carefully dampened and folded the shawl, laid it between two camp beds and lolled and rolled over it all the afternoon.—Good Words.

Spice In Society.

There is no gayer or more brilliant society in Europe than that at St. Petersburg. It is less difficult of access to foreigners than London or Paris society, simply because hostesses implicitly rely upon their friends of both sexes not to introduce into their salons any but persons of irreproachable character.

St. Petersburg is a hotbed of gossip. The Russian lady is so clever that she does not require any details of a story. She guesses at these, and, if necessary, supplies them—in other words, invents them. The one word which that guileless official has let drop—which she has "surprised on his lips"—serves her as the key to the mystery; the rest is easy. Of course she only communicates these state secrets to her most intimate friends, who themselves are sworn to secrecy, but she has so many friends of both sexes that in an incredibly short space of time the important morsel of gossip is literally all over St. Petersburg.

To the foreign embassadors she is more valuable than a legion of spies. These persons are assiduous visitors to the leading salons, where, as may be supposed, they pick up quite as much as they want to know, and thus are often better informed than the emperor's minister of foreign affairs himself.

There is a mad race among the fair leaders of the grand monde to attract the largest number of diplomatists and great personages in their drawing rooms. Thus it happens that the younger men, if not excluded from the salons which they would so adorn but for this political craze, are not often seen in the principal houses.—St. Petersburg Letter.

Waller Scared Them.

The Methodist Times of London says: "We learn on high authority that when the list of the members of the royal commission on liquor trade was being prepared it was proposed by the government to have not only the bishop of London, but Cardinal Vaughan and the bishop of Chester, on it. On hearing this two Methodist members of parliament intimated to her majesty's advisers that they would move the addition of the president of the Wesleyan conference. Ministers were so terrified at the prospect of having Dr. Waller on the commission that they promptly dropped the cardinal and the second bishop."

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 526 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 30, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 304 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 705 Twenty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Mathel's hall, Canalport and Union-avs.

DIVISION 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 630 S. Ashland-av.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, Mat Corcoran, 3827 Wentworth av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays of each month at S. W. corner of Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, Thomas McMahon, 5818 Justine st.
Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 811 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, [illegible]
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Sunday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4527 Dyer street.
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldren.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

DIVISION 20.

President, Joseph J Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, [illegible]
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.
Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Kuehl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs.

DIVISION 22.

President, James Noonan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice President, J. S. Carrier.
Recording Secretary, T. M. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

DIVISION 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice President, Michael Galvin.
Recording Secretary, P. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasury, Patrick Close.
Meets the Second and Fourth Monday of each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice President, John D. Maloney.
Recording Secretary, Thos. D. Fitzgerald, 1068 S. Robey st.
Financial Secretary, Terence Collins.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.
Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garritty.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.
Recording Secretary, Frank J. Mooney, 3658 Western av.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney.
Treasurer, John Larney.

DIVISION 28.

President, John Flanagan, 1110 West Park av.
Vice President, James Tracy.
Recording Secretary, W. E. Moran, [illegible] West Polk st.
Financial Secretary, E. A. Craighton.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays in DeSoto hall, VanBuren and Francisco st.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keys, 2393 116th st., Kensington.
Vice President, John Maguire.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 113th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av, 7:30 p. m.

[illegible] President, P. C. Desmond, [illegible] Park av.
[illegible] President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, L. O. Fitzpatrick, 1066 West Lake st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur McGinn.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets First Monday and Third Friday each month in St. Malachi's school hall.

DIVISION 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
Meet Second Thursday of each month in Broomstead's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

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President, Miss Bina Harkins, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, Miss Mary Kelly.
Recording Sec'y, Miss Anna O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Sec'y, Mrs. M. Beckman.
Treasurer, Mrs. M. Denne.

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Captain, A. J. Connolly, 4714 Loomis street.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, ames Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH No. 35.

President, L. Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Vice President, Emma Lonergan.
Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B. 206 LaSalle st.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

81 South Clark Street, Rooms 10, 12, 16.

President, J. J. Mahony.
Vice President, J. E. Long.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy.
Corresponding Secretary, A. Donoghue.
Treasurer, John Roche.
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HIDING HER DIAMONDS.

Take a Lesson From the Woman Who Put More In Her Old Shoes.

A group of Washington women had been telling each other where they hid their treasures from possible thieves. One used her pillowcase, a second had a pocket on her stocking, another the lining of her picture hat, when a third said she always tucked things in her old shoes.

"Then you want to take warning from the experience of a friend of mine," said Mrs. Tansey of Missouri. "She had beautiful diamond rings, ornaments, earrings and other articles, and when an epidemic of burglaries came along she took to hiding her diamonds in her oldest shoes. One night she was awakened by burglars down stairs. She thought if they heard some one moving about they would take fright and run away without attempting to come up where she was. So she went to the head of the stairs, but the burglars kept on and didn't mind her in the least. She hurried back into her room, caught up the first articles that came handy and sent them over the balusters. After they had left her hand she was struck with horror to discover her old shoes bumping down the stairs, attended by a shower of her diamonds. Luckily the shoes did the work. The burglars didn't stop to investigate, and the women had strength enough to gather up her jewels, all of which she found except one earring. The next day the maids had to sweep the entire floor to discover that. But she doesn't use her old shoes as diamond safes since."—Philadelphia Press.

"Tell that to the marines" indicates the contempt which, even to the present day, professional sailors feel and express for the soldiers who form a portion of the complement on board a man-of-war.